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REVIEWS.

MR. HENLEY'S "BURNS."

The Poetry of Robert Burns. Vol. III.
Edited by W. E. Henley and T. F. Henderson. (Edinburgh: T. C. & E. C. Jack.)

ALL things considered, Mr. Henley must be commended for courage. Burns rides the ways of literature hedged by a numerous and terrible guard of devoted Scots, and if any hat is not doffed as he passes the irreverent offender is a marked man. Who dares lay hands on a poet guarded by a nation? Now, Mr. Henley has not attempted a *bouleversément* of Burns; but he has offered an estimate of the nature of the poet's greatness as a song writer which is full likely to be ill-stomached by Scotsmen. The present reviewer once held even more treasonable views. He thought that Burns had departed from the old songs only to spoil them, and that his fine stanzas were lifted straight from the older Muse. A closer view overthrew the former notion; and now Mr. Henley's notes have modified the latter. He has shown that many supposed "originals" were later *rifacimientos* from Burns; and, in particular, that Buchan and the Ettrick Shepherd are responsible between them for numberless fabrications. Investigation in this department is a melancholy task. Scottish song before Burns has been a boundless field for unscrupulous poetasters who wished to foist their concoctions on the public. The paths were made strait for them. Balladist after balladist had accumulated adaptation upon adaptation's head; and, lastly, Burns had apocalyptically summed up the prophets before him, and out-adapted them all. And as St. John gave rise to a brisk industry in forged apocalypses, which were fathered on everybody in the prophetic line from Enoch to the Angel Gabriel, so of the making of "originals" to Burns there was presently no end. Most often they were taken down from the lips of an old

woman. Buchan, and Stenhouse, and Allan Cunningham, and Hogg—we can trust none of them; the trail of the old woman is over them all. The industry which Mr. Henley has displayed in unmasking forgeries, and investigating so far as possible the genuine sources of Burns's songs, can be dimly surmised to be extraordinary, though only those who have covered similar ground can estimate it aright. An edition by Mr. Henley is as likely to be definitive as anything we can imagine; and it is safe to say that from this centenary edition of Burns we may at last form a decided judgment of the poet's place among original masters.

This third volume is devoted exclusively to the songs. And in the songs it is that we are most face to face with the derived Burns. The manner of these derivations we shall a little consider before dealing with Mr. Henley's judgment of him. These poems we may roughly class as follows:

1. Those in which the song is written round a stanza or so from an older source; while sometimes occasional lines from the older source (or sources) are imbedded in his own portion.

2. Those which are more or less vamped (in Mr. Henley's phrase) from one or several older poems. Occasionally the entire song is thus vamped.

The first class is by far the larger. As an example, we may take the beautiful "It was a' for our rightfu' King," because Mr. Henley's researches in regard to it are peculiarly interesting and valuable. Published in Johnson's *Musical Museum*, it was not known to be by Burns. Sir Walter Scott assumed it to be an old Jacobite production—an opinion since generally adopted. Hogg even gave the author, a Captain Ogilvie, who fought at the Battle of the Boyne. But it is now proved to have been written by Burns; and Mr. Henley shows that it was founded on the ballad of "Mally Stewart," one copy of which (in the collection of Mr. Ebsworth) is of the date 1746, and which in its turn is derived from a black-letter ballad earlier than the Battle of the Boyne. Thus Mr. Henley disposes utterly of the supposed Jacobite authorship; and the song is henceforth an undisputed Burns. Now "Mally Stewart," as given by Mr. Henley, opens and closes thus:

"The cold Winter is past and gone, and now comes in the Spring,
And I am one of the King's Life-guards, and must go fight for my King,
My dear,
I must go fight for my King.

"The trooper turn'd himself about all on the Irish shore,
He has given the bridle-reins a shake, saying 'Adieu for evermore,
My dear,
Adieu for evermore.'"

We need not quote the well-known Burns. It is obvious that from the first stanza of the above he got the bare idea of his own first stanza; while the last stanza he has taken almost unaltered for his own third stanza. And that third stanza is the gem of his poem, though the first two lead nobly and adequately up to it. This fairly exemplifies the first class of his poems. His own words

are a setting for the jewel he borrows, showing it off without vying with it; yet never too conspicuously below it—even when they are less fine than in this specimen; and always in perfect keeping.

Of the second class an admirable example is a poem into which Mr. Henley has gone minutely, with results so interesting that they would alone justify the value of his Notes. As this is a matter of closer comparison, we quote Burns's song entire:

"O, my luve is like a red, red rose,
That's newly sprung in June:
O, my luve is like the melodie
That's sweetly play'd in tune.

"As fair art thou, my bonnie lass,
Sae deep in luve am I;
And I will luve thee still, my dear,
Till a' the seas gang dry.

"Till a' the seas gang dry, my dear,
And the rocks melt wi' the sun:
And I will luve thee still, my dear,
While the sands o' life shall run.

"And fare thee weel, my only luve,
And fare thee weel awhile!
And I will come again, my luve,
Tho' it were ten thousand mile!"

This beautiful and famous song is almost entirely a cento from no fewer than four different sources, as Mr. Henley with great labour and clearness shows. The first stanza is from a black-letter, *The Wanton Wife of Castle Gate*.

"Her cheeks are like the Roses
That blossom fresh in June,
O, she's like a new-strung instrument
That's newly put in tune."

The greater part of the second stanza is Burns (for anything yet known); but its last line and the whole of the third stanza are compounded from two different stanzas in a couple of songs, both in a collection which it is highly probable was in Burns's hands. (They are inscribed with his name in a boyish writing, says Mr. Henley, but the signature has not been authenticated.) One is:

"The Day shall turn to Night, dear Love,
And the Rocks melt with the Sun,
Before that I prove false to thee,
Before my Life be gone, dear Love,
Before my Life be gone."

The other runs:

"The seas they shall run dry,
And rocks melt into sands;
Then I'll love you still, my dear,
When all those things are done."

The fourth stanza has a resemblance to one in the former of these two songs; but it appears to be derived more particularly from a chap-book poem in the British Museum, "The True Lover's Farewell":

"Fare you well, my own true love,
And fare you well for a while,
And I will be sure to return back again,
If I go ten thousand mile."

Here, then, thanks to Mr. Henley, we are able to show a perfect and undoubted example of our second class; a song which—except three lines—is entirely a mosaic, as composite as the case of a caddis-worm. The piecing is done with admirable, even wonderful skill. It is like the dish of a

Roman epicure, composed of the picked and choice bits from many sources. The rudenesses of the originals are removed with the fewest, slightest, and deftest touches. The whole is put together so that not a juncture shows. It is a poet's work, not a doubt of it. Is it a poet's poem? If it be, we shall have to lower the standard of admission to the crack corps of song. Spartan law holds good in literature, where to steal is honourable, provided it be done with skill and dexterity: wherefore Mercury was the patron both of thieves and poets. But such an Autolycus as Burns was never "littered under Mercury" before. The poem we have analysed is among the beautiful things of literature. But twenty such could only entitle Burns to the regency of some Parnassian Petticoat Lane, and would rank him very much below the great translators. Therefore this second class of his songs must be put out of court in considering his place as a master.

There is yet a third class: the songs which are pure Burns. It is small, but obviously important. It includes such things as "John Anderson," "Bonnie Wee Thing," "Ae Fond Kiss," "The Silver Tassie," "My Wife's a Winsome Wee Thing," "Ye Banks and Braes"—to name a few at random. To the question whether Burns could write fine songs without another man's *motif* to hang them on, I think these furnish an undoubted affirmative answer. In this survey I have tried to show the conclusions to which Mr. Henley's searching investigation of Burns's indebtedness points; and his summary of the matter seems to me sound, well-weighed, and free from all partial emphasis.

"Here," he says, "is Burns's chief claim to perennial acceptance. He passed the folk-song of his nation through the mint of his mind, and he reproduced it stamped with his image, and lettered with his superscription: so that for the world at large it exists, and will go on existing, not as he found, but as he left it. . . . No such artist in folk-song as he has ever worked in literature. But a hundred forgotten singers went to the making of his achievement and himself. He did not wholly originate those master-qualities—of fresh and taking simplicity, of vigour and directness and happy and humorous ease, which have come to be regarded as distinctive of his verse; for all these things, together with much of the thought, the romance, and the sentiment for which we read and love him, were included in the estate which he inherited from his nameless forebears; and he so assimilated them that what is actually those forebears' legacy to him has come to be regarded as his gift to them. . . . He is thus national as no poet has ever been, and as no poet ever will, or ever can be, again."

These are hearty words, and, I think, just. Burns, like Homer, is not merely a poet, but a literature. He has succeeded in fulfilling the old savage ideal—he has eaten up all his predecessors, and become possessed of their united powers. It is useless to haggle overmuch about what he borrowed: one can only envy the gigantic luck of his chance. Such vamps as the one I have analysed from Mr. Henley's notes can only be credited to him as brilliant luck brilliantly used. But the pieces I enumerated

of the third class prove that he could write charming songs without such luck; though I think, on the whole, they prove that he wrote still better when he borrowed. There is more inevitable felicity when he can work on an old groundwork. "John Anderson," indeed, has a homely pathos which stands by itself. And the early "Mary Morison," together with the opening of "The Silver Tassie," show possibilities of a finer and more romantic sentiment, which might have placed him higher (to my mind) as a purely original poet had he lived in another atmosphere than that of tavern revels and village wenchings. But the poems to the better-known "Highland Mary," though one of them has a line of concentrated passion, singularly recalling Mr. Coventry Patmore, are touched with something of eighteenth century artificiality—as usual, when he meant to be very fine. Taking him, borrowings and all, the merit of his songs lies in the partly dramatic kind; they display, vividly and pictorially, the life of a whole peasantry, as it has not been displayed in English literature. But it has been the tradition to claim for them a value as *absolute* poetry, equal to that of the finest lyric work; and here I must add something to what has been said by Mr. Henley. Looked at from this standpoint, I cannot but feel that the bulk of this volume is far from complete mastery. It needs Burns's excuse that he wrote hurriedly and for a purpose. Songs begun arrestingly, trail off ineffectually; eighteenth century elegances sometimes follow on the speech of simple passion. "Bonnie Wee Thing," charming and tender, ends with such an insipid eighteenth century stanza. He, too often, does not know where to stop. "It was a' for our rightfu' King" should have ended with the third stanza; the rest, far from poor, is nevertheless an anti-climax. It is not easy to select songs which are throughout up to the lyric high-water mark. As absolute poetry, I cannot think the bulk of these poems fit to rank with the exquisite Elizabethan lyrics, nor yet with some of the lovely snatches of the old Scottish Border muse. That muse had a magic in its simplicity not matched in these songs. Burns strangely considered "Helen of Kirkconnel" "silly to contemptibility"; yet it is more exquisite than anything un-borrowed which he has written. He had emotion equal to any demands of song; but he had little imagination. He had passion and fondness; but only in one or two lyrics does he show the power of tenderness—which is not a quality very indigenous among a coarsened peasantry. Imagination and tenderness demand either the refinement of education or the refinement of pure and sweet life. These things *might* be in peasant song. They are in the songs of the Dimbovitza, which are higher as absolute poetry than anything within Burns's compass. Not because those songs are the outcome of greater genius, but because they are the outcome of a healthier and sweeter rustic state; a state in which the women were chaste and tender, the men brave and sober. Burns could well have sung it had he known it. But he found about him no higher joys than whisky

and coarse amours; and the wonder is what he made of it all, not what he failed to make of it. I believe that Burns had genius, in another age and community, to have been a very great poet indeed. As it is, he was the greatest poet he saw his way to be. But how many of his lyrics would one put in an anthology of the very finest flower of song?

At any rate, our thanks are due to Mr. Henley for a masterly edition, which will enable each man to answer the question for himself. One question, however, he forces upon us, so much more pertinent than these merely personal objections of mine, that I have reserved it for the last. Most great poets have adapted pretty freely, and with genius. Burns has adapted with genius to an unparalleled extent. But what about a great poet in whom the adaptations are usually the best parts of his poems? It requires a little consideration—perhaps a little reconsideration. And the pith of Mr. Henley's work is, I think, that it compels the question, which may impel the reconsideration—of, may it be, that adjective "great"? Even this may come of what Mr. Henley has done, by making the extent and character of Burns's adaptations, for the first time, a thing certain and indisputable.

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Newman's inferior in many things, and certainly in general range and effectiveness of genius, Church was his superior in literary knowledge; he might have been, and Newman never could, a man of letters, critic and historian, by secular profession. It is easy to think of him as an Anglican Mr. Leslie Stephen, or Mr. Goldwin Smith, or

Mr. Lecky, or Mr. Bryce. He writes studies and biographies of Bacon, Spenser, Dante, St. Anselm; he investigates the "Beginnings of the Middle Ages"; he concerns himself with the origins and growths of religion, of civilisation; he has a personal passion for the arts and sciences. But his master passion was spiritual, an absorption in the life of the spirit, in religious faith, and for the achievements of humanity only as viewed in the light of that; "little else is worth study," says Browning, one of Church's favourites, than "the development of a soul," and Church was ever showing how through Christianity alone the soul finds the satisfaction of its desires.

These two volumes contain his contributions to the *Guardian*, the *Times*, and the *Saturday Review*; it is almost strange to note how the least theological or ecclesiastical of them contrives to bring its theme into a religious relation. They are admirable journalism, full of keen wit and vigorous handling, with no "smell of the sacristy" about them; yet they remind us of the saying of a famous Catholic priest in America, that were St. Paul alive to-day he would be a journalist. These reviews are not sermons, but they are steeped in high ethical feeling, in disciplinary purpose. Sometimes there is a touch of the mystic in his gentle impatience with such religious writings as the fictions of Renan and Mrs. Humphry Ward; he sighs a half humorous, half mournful, "You don't know!" He partly rejoices over Renan's *Souvenirs*, because they show so clearly that his doubts and griefs and difficulties were purely intellectual, questions of history and philology; that Christianity was never a real thing to him, a life lived intensely from within. And such writers ignore the standing miracle of the presence of Christianity throughout the ages, never impotent, never obsolete, never changing: "in the world, as the family is in the world, as the state is in the world, as morality is in the world, a fact of the same order and greatness." They do not face the problem fairly: the prolonged and vast existence of Christianity as a moral power, profoundly intertwined with the world's progress, and interspersed into the life of civilisation, as satisfying to the highest intellect now as to the lowest two thousand years ago, essentially unshaken by the most momentous events and discoveries, often illuminated and supported by them, is an historic fact indefinitely more vital than tentative theorising about the date of the Book of Daniel or the precise structure of Isaiah. The moral beauty and strength of Christianity must be faced; so, too, the extreme difficulty of supposing them to be the fruits of a "delicious legend," assisted by pious or scarce conscious fraud, by teaching self-deception. As Church, writing upon the *Vie de Jésus*, pleasantly puts it: "History has seen strange hypotheses; but of all extravagant notions, that one that the world has been conquered by what was originally an idyllic gipsying party is the most grotesque." Christendom given as an effect, with its heroic conquests, its army of martyrs, its long roll of moral victories, its triumphant and persistent vitality, where shall we find a cause com-

mensurate? Not in the perilously fragile fancies of Renan, to whom Christianity was nothing more than a picturesque feature in the history of the world.

From such inadequacies of criticism and exegesis Church turns with eager respect to "Ecce Homo," so weighty and rich in its analysis and knowledge of character, so methodically impartial. Wherever he finds a certain *gravitas*, a "high seriousness," some sense of the unbounded importance to mankind implied in religious questions, he is a cordial critic of schools and men opposed to him: Maurice, Robertson, Stanley, Bunsen. He sees the greatness of Loyola or Lamennais, and can be just to Pattison or Bishop Fraser; and he loves to dwell upon the winning candour, the fierce zeal for truth, of his former companion and master, Newman. He had that high-minded catholicity which can appreciate to the utmost aliens and adversaries, and has no love of scoring points against them; he is a statesman among critics, not a politician. His scholar's instinct also comes to the help of his Christian courtesy and charity; he is averse from all pedantry or haste, content to stand midway in a golden mediocrity between the more confident extremes. Like the other chief men of the Oxford Movement, he shrank from display, emphasis, excess; his writing is beautifully calm, lucid, temperate, reserving its passionate capacities for due occasions. Never was an ecclesiastic, holding very decided convictions, less of a partisan, less tainted by the spirit of "the religious press" or "the clerical party," which delight to say in their haste, and sometimes in their leisure, that all but themselves are liars. The seven papers upon questions of ecclesiastical politics are patterns of moderation and judicial equability. To view the questions, men, books, events of the day *sub specie aeternitatis*, in the light of eternities and verities, more stable than Carlyle's, how rare it is!

One of the Dean's predecessors at St. Paul's, the marvellous Donne, prayed that his "intermitting aguish piety" might "change to evenness"; Church was ever "even," keeping the "noiseless tenour of his way" with steady purpose, with vacillation as little as with violence. In him we see the "beauty of holiness," its aesthetic superiority to indifference or revolt. But it is a beauty born of distinct faith faithfully carried into practice, not the vague "charm," which is the main thing for Renan. He is thoroughly modern and of his age; yet we can think of him in company with Walton's hieratic heroes, with Saunderson and Hooker: he enriches the poetry of Anglicanism; that grave and gracious temperament, which marks its best men in Jacobean and Caroline times, was notably his. Of these volumes we cannot say what their author had but too much occasion to say of Pattison's posthumous *Essays*: "This is a very interesting but a very melancholy collection of papers." For Church had what Pattison lacked, vigour of intellect not soured into spitefulness and scorn; scholarship, which recognised the limitations of scholarship; strong convictions, which did not excommunicate their antagonists.

PRINT COLLECTING.

Fine Prints. By Frederick Wedmore. (The Collector Series.) (George Redway.)

THE fine art of collecting prints is not one to be learnt from books; Mr. Wedmore would, we fancy, be the first to confess it. Yet books about collecting, if written in the proper spirit, may be of use as well as pleasant. And Mr. Wedmore certainly writes in the proper spirit. He sets his face against the mere accumulation of treasures, the easy ambition of the merely rich; he authorises no fad, no carefully fostered fashion of the hour; he has many wise hints about deliberation of choice and about the kinds of impression which are desirable. On such matters Mr. Wedmore is an admirable guide. The price of prints is a different question. Is there such a thing as a price? We doubt it. It is so largely an affair of accident, even when the particular kind of print happens to be little affected by fashion. And, again, fashions may be created in any kind of print. A little while ago it was Bartolozzi who was pushed into vogue. Mr. Wedmore justly says that this chief of a "nerveless school" has been "absurdly puffed"; and he is equally just and severe upon the colour-prints which are now the rage. Woodcuts printed in one or two colours—"chiaroscuros," as they are called—are, indeed, some of them fine things, especially those done in Germany and the earliest of those done in Italy. But it is not these which fetch high prices, but the mostly tasteless and nearly always unsuccessful attempts at colour-printing from copper, generally made when the plate was too worn to print decently in honest black and white, and in the best examples—even those of Janinet and Debucourt—not to be compared with the real masterpieces of engraving. One never knows what the next rage may be; and consequently no record of prices current can be secure against becoming obsolete in a few months. And even of prints whose price is supposed to be more or less fixed, how difficult it is to say what one may have to give for them! Mr. Wedmore gives us the prices which certain Rembrandts and Dürers have fetched at certain famous sales: that is all one can do, no doubt. But one has to remember that the prestige of great collections must be paid for. On the other hand, it often happens that fine prints sell for something far below their value at sales which take place at bad seasons of the year, or are, for other reasons, ill-attended.

The moral of all this to the collector is that he must learn his subject thoroughly. When he has learnt to know fine impressions at sight, let him use his knowledge boldly, and take advantage of all opportunities, attending sales whenever he can. The printshops do not yield finds now as they did once; but if only the collector knows his subject well enough, he need not despair of being rewarded now and then. At least he may congratulate himself on the fact that there is no place in the world so rich as London in the little shops where treasure-finding is possible.

Mr. Wedmore's book will be to him rather a companion than a guide, at least in the severely practical sense. But whoever is in doubt as to what kind of print he should collect will certainly profit by Mr. Wedmore's trained and fastidious taste. If any criticism is to be offered on Mr. Wedmore's counsel in choosing, it must be that his choice is rather too limited. The etchings of Piranesi, for instance, might surely have a mention. Perhaps they do not appeal to Mr. Wedmore as Méryon's do, but they are not things to be passed over. The most serious omission, however, in the book is the entire neglect of woodcuts. Mr. Wedmore apologises for the omission, and seems to suggest that they are scarcely worthy of being collected. But what of Dürer's "Life of the Virgin"? or of Holbein's "Dance of Death"? or of Campagnola's cuts after Titian? or Jegher's after Rubens?—to say nothing of Altdorfer and Ugo da Carpi, and their rivals in Germany and Italy. True, the wood-block yields a far greater number of impressions than the copper-plate; but fine impressions of woodcuts are just as rare as fine impressions of etchings, and the difference between the fine impressions and the poor impressions is just as great—a fact not generally realised.

Mr. Wedmore makes up for his neglect of woodcuts by a chapter on lithographs, in which, as in his chapter on modern etchers, he has some good things to say by way of criticism. It is a pity that it should have been thought necessary to illustrate the book. The collector, surely, should have only the finest things in their finest state before him as his standard: these cheap and bad reproductions will only familiarise his eye with miserable parodies.

A SUCCESSFUL NOVELIST: OLD STYLE.

Tobias Smollett. By Oliphant Smeaton. "Famous Scots Series." (Oliphant, Anderson & Ferrier.)

"A SCHOLARLY man, sir, although a Scot." So Dr. Johnson used to touch off Smollett. There is hardly the beginnings of a portrait in the description, for Smollett was neither a typical Scot nor a ripe scholar. Yet how many people who have laughed over Winnifred Jenkins's letters or the humours of Commodore Hawser Trunnion and Godfrey Gauntlet know what manner of man he was who gave us these creations? It was time, on the whole, that the existing biographies of Smollett should be supplemented by this handy, inexpensive volume.

Tobias Smollett's father died not much honoured, and it was to his grandfather and uncles that the boy owed his education. In 1740, being then nineteen, he came up from Edinburgh to London, qualified to be a surgeon, but only eager to write. He had about him a few guineas, and the usual tragedy.

The rejection of *The Regicide* by the theatres embittered Smollett for nine years, when, having won fame with *Roderick Random*, he published it by subscription with a vitriolic preface. It fully vindicated

the managers. His guineas were off his mind much sooner, and we find him engaging himself as a surgeon's mate on the *Cumberland*, one of the vessels taken out by Sir Challoner Ogle to the assistance of Admiral Vernon in the expedition against Carthage. Carlyle picks him out in the crowd as "one Tobias Smollett, looking over the waters there and the fading coasts, not without thoughts." His thoughts, whatever they were, could not have told him that he was going to the Indies to obtain materials for *Roderick Random*, or to find a wife in Nanny Lascelles, a young Kingston heiress. To be correct, she was an heiress when he wooed her; but, her wealth going astray, he won only a good woman, who loved him dearly. Leaving his bride or fiancée (there is some vagueness about the date of the marriage) in Jamaica, Smollett returned to drive his pen in London. He did so to some purpose, writing satires that were read, and that provoked a friend to ask him: "Dost not fear the Government, Smollett?" "Fear the Government!" he answered. "No man need fear a Government provided he does not show he fears it." Smollett's courage in one situation would turn to obstinacy in others. Rich asked him to write the libretto of an opera for Covent Garden. He wrote it, and Handel wrote the music. Rich wanted a few alterations; Smollett absolutely refused to make them, and the piece was withdrawn from rehearsal, to Smollett's loss. Handel said, with a shrug: "That Scotchman is ein tam fool; I would haf made his vurk immortal." However, Smollett was about to do immortal work on his own account.

In January, 1748, appeared Smollett's first novel, *Roderick Random*. Mr. Smeaton reminds us that *Clarissa Harlowe* had been out a year; *Tom Jones* was announced. Smollett thought he saw room for himself; and Mr. Smeaton explains how:

"He was of too original a caste of genius to sink into the mere imitator of either Richardson or Fielding. He noted carefully that the former had monopolised the novel of sentiment, as the latter had taken as his own the novel of character. But he also saw that the novel of incident was still unappropriated in English fiction. This department he determined to make his own. Taking the *Gil Blas* of Le Sage as his model, he endeavoured as far as possible to make his tale interesting by the number and variety of the events introduced, feeling assured that the portraiture of character would not be of an inferior type, if only he could draw on his past experiences for material."

Smollett shrank and expanded within his limits, but he never essayed to go beyond them. He knew what he could do, and what he could not; and in the domain of his literary work his self-guidance might have been consciously framed on Jacob Böhme's fine saying: "Whoso lives quietly in his own will, like a child in the womb, and lets himself be led and guided by that inner principle from which he is sprung, is the noblest and richest on earth." Alas, outside his work Smollett did not live quietly, did not control himself. The tragedy of his biography lies in a great part between the huge successes of his books and the undammed flow of his misfortunes. After *Roderick Random* came *Peregrine Pickle*, into

which he worked some of the incidents of a visit which he paid, with Mrs. Smollett, to Paris. Then came an irrelevant return to surgery at Bath, dictated by Mrs. Smollett, who hankered to see her husband in a "respectable" calling. It only ended in a house at Chelsea, and a new squaring of Smollett's elbows to his desk. In 1753 *The Adventures of Ferdinand, Count Fathom*, not a desirable book, appeared, and sold largely. But Smollett remained poor, and just about this time he caned one of his critics. The costs in the action for damages which followed made him poorer still. The hounds of debt were on his track. Already he could write to a friend: "My life is sheer slavery; my pen is at work from nine o' the clock the one morning until one or two the next." Why follow the cortège of his hopes? What though his *Don Quixote* (1755) advanced his fame (the publishers had advanced the money); what though Edinburgh fêted him as it fêted Burns forty years later; what though his *History of England* (1758) allied his name to scholarship; what though *Humphry Clinker* wedded it for ever to romance!—debts and quarrels and failing health would not be expelled from his life. Raging against his enemies, dodging his duns, plying his pen to ever meaner issues, yet never repining or letting Nancy repine, Smollett went down the hill. In the cemetery at Leghorn, in sight of the sea, he found his first—last—rest.

Mr. Smeaton has produced a very readable and vivid biography, but he might have indexed it. His fault of style is a tendency to use stilted language, as when he writes of Smollett's father: "He was one of those interesting individuals whose idleness enables his Mephistophelic Majesty to make a strong bid for the fee-simple of their soul."

SOME INDIAN HOUSES.

The Moghul Architecture of Fathpur Sikri. Part II. By Edmund W. Smith. With 103 plates. Archaeological Survey: N.-W. Provinces and Oudh. (Oudh: Government Press.)

THE admirable work begun by Mr. E. W. Smith last year shows every sign of fulfilling the promise of its first volume. It is satisfactory to find that the architecture of our Indian empire is gradually being recorded in as accurate and full a manner as are the *Monuments Historiques* of France. Nothing approaching to a scientific or complete description of the buildings near Agra has hitherto existed. For the work in Agra itself we must still wait with what patience we may. In the meanwhile, we have this careful record of the smaller Fathpur Sikri where Akbar was the first to live and the last to build. The greatest glory of the town is, of course, the mosque, which will be dealt with in a future volume; the book before us gives an elaborately-detailed description of two buildings only: the home which Bir Bal, Akbar's favourite Minister, made for his daughter in 1571; and the dwelling-place of the Sultana Jodh Bai. Rarely have any royal ladies been

more exquisitely shrined; and though several descriptions have been published of their houses, none has done so much justice to the laborious and patient skill of their decorators as these careful drawings which Mr. Smith and his staff have now given us.

Of those who lived here there is but little certain known. Bir Bal, a "dealer in encomiums" from Kalpi, had won his position of favourite at Akbar's court by his wit and his clear head. The one amused his master; the other was of real service upon several missions involving delicate diplomacy; and Akbar sincerely mourned his loss. The owner of the larger palace, a more shadowy personage, was one of Akbar's wives, probably the mother of that Jehangir who succeeded him to the throne in 1605, when terrestrial politics had ceased to interest either the daughter of Bir Bal or the consort of the emperor. The palace of Jodh Bai, though larger and more perfect in its preservation of the various forms of Eastern life, seems also more remote from ordinary human sympathy, for it has far less of that intimate appeal to personality or individual taste which is the chief charm of the residence which Akbar's Poet Laureate built.

To the north of that narrowing triangle above Gwalior, where the Chambal flows to meet the river Jumna, the road that winds from the existing town of Fathpur Sikri towards Agra leaves Akbar's buildings northward upon its left-hand side. Close by the royal stables, though screened from them originally by a high stone wall, is Bir Bal's house, overlooking the steep northern roadway to the Elephants' Gate, with western windows opening upon the lake that in the days of Akbar filled what are now merely low-lying open fields. Like all the buildings round it, the house is of red sandstone standing upon a spacious concrete platform, borne above pillars and flat arches, much after the fashion of the masonry of Holland. It consisted simply of four rooms upon the ground floor with entrance porches, and two square chambers above set cornerwise and covered by domes, in which the elevation gives no idea of the internal structure. This upper floor, reached by two narrow and steep staircases, is built of very thick and massive walls, thinned out at intervals by those deep carved recesses which are so characteristic of the Moghul architect. In Plate II. is shown one of the graceful balconies from which the ladies of the zenana might watch the royal barges plying on the lake beneath.

But if the plan of the house itself is simple enough, the ingenuity of its builders found full sway in the decoration of the walls. Like the "gigantic jewel-case" of Victor Hugo, this tiny palace is fretted over in every space and corner with a patient infinity of detail that is astounding. Much of it has suffered during recent years, and the house has been used as a visitors' bungalow; but Mr. E. W. Smith's careful drawings, while they preserve for us what must inevitably decay, will also direct attention to treasures of workmanship which need not suffer any further damage, it may be hoped, from careless ignorance.

We can refer but too briefly to Jodh Bai's Mahal, the second house so carefully described and illustrated by Mr. Smith. It is the oldest building in the city. There is a distinct Hindû feeling pervading the whole design; sculptures of Hindû deities have been found within it during recent years; and the *bell and chain*—one of the oldest of Hindû ornaments—is freely carved upon the piers. The early period of the work is also marked by the presence of colour decoration upon the parapet and the blue encaustic tiling of the roofs. The most beautiful examples of this interior decoration are the medallions in the domes, exquisite designs in which five concentric rows of rich filigree ornament (in stucco that was originally coloured) radiate outwards from the centre, after the fashion of the Moorish decorators.

We have only space left to point out what we consider the most beautiful example of carving in Fathpur Sikri, the perforated screen of red sandstone shown in Plate CIII. Its flowing tracery proves that it was a later addition to the completed building, and its position on the viaduct, standing out against the clear blue of the Eastern sky, is but one more proof of the excellent judgment and good taste of its owner. Such work was probably never executed from drawings, as is now the custom. The pattern was roughly traced out upon the stone itself by a pointer, and from this rude outline the mason matured his design, giving a free scope to his own fancy. This system has produced as excellent results—in very different mediums—as did the freedom accorded to the workmen long before upon the façades and capitals of the Gothic cathedrals.

FROM CROWDED SHELVES.

Europe in the Middle Age. By Oliver J. Thatcher, Ph.D., and Ferdinand Schwill, Ph.D. (Murray.)

THIS somewhat alarming tome of 681 pages is stated in the preface to be meant as "a text-book for the use of the freshmen and Sophomore classes in the American college." It comes midway between the high school handbook and the treatise for specialists. Its form is primarily determined and its conditions laid down by the regulations for a course of general European history at the University of Chicago. The period covered is roughly from the coming of the barbarians and the break-up of the Roman Empire to the Reformation; and the object of the authors has been less to concentrate attention upon any one people than to provide a general survey of the origin and development of material and moral forces which profoundly affected the whole of Europe. They write the history not of nations, but of a civilisation, the Phoenix civilisation, which sprang up out of the ashes of the old Roman one. "The Migrations of the Nations," "Feudalism," "The Growth of the Papacy," "Mohammed, Mohammedanism and the Crusades"—such are the titles of some of their chapters. That they have altogether

succeeded in their ambition we will not say. The book is laborious, earnest, judicious; but it seems to us to lack the freshness of touch, the power of stimulus which, after all, is the first requisite in a book that makes mainly for education. It is, indeed, no easy task to dispose of twelve centuries and so vast a mass of matter upon the indicated lines—one that requires distinct and remarkable literary gifts, the vivacity of a J. R. Green, for instance, rather than the erudition of a Freeman. Still, in default of a work of genius, the essay of Drs. Thatcher and Schwill will probably be even educationally serviceable; and for the reader who is content to bring his own stimulus with him it is a compact and convenient summary.

Arden of Feversham. Edited by the Rev. Ronald Bayne. ("Temple Dramatists": Dent.)

Arden of Feversham, with its "bourgeois Clytemnestra," Alice Arden, is the best extant example of that favourite type of Elizabethan tragedy which drew its material from contemporary *causes célèbres*. It has been edited several times since its rediscovery by Edward Jacob in 1770, but never in so convenient a form as this. Edward Jacob had the audacity to boldly claim the play as Shakespeare's, and many recent critics have been inclined at least to hedge in the matter. Mr. Bullen, for instance, who edited it in 1887, suggests that it may have been "retouched here and there" by the master's hand. Mr. Bayne appears rather shy of defining his own precise opinion on the matter. But he points out that great as are the excellences of the play, they are not precisely those which we might expect from Shakespeare in 1592, when it was first published. Shakespeare was then a young man: the power of *Arden of Feversham* is essentially mature. This line of criticism might be pushed further with excellent results. The fact is, that there is absolutely no evidence for attributing the play to Shakespeare, except that it is anonymous and rather above the ruck of anonymous plays. No external indications connect it with the companies for which Shakespeare wrote: and the most cursory examination of its rhythmical and stylistic peculiarities will show that it could not be fitted into any known period of his work. Be this as it may, the volume is a welcome addition to the "Temple Dramatists," and we trust that the publishers will see their way to following it up with many more of the so-called "apocryphal plays of Shakespeare."

A Primer of English Literature. By Stopford A. Brooke. (Macmillan & Co.)

MR. STOPFORD BROOKE'S second revision of this *Primer* is just published. It will be remembered that on its appearance, twenty years ago, Matthew Arnold reviewed the work at some length, suggesting several alterations which he considered would bring it still nearer perfection. Mr. Brooke, in the second edition, was found to have accepted almost every hint: one of the rare instances of the criticised profiting from the critic. Here, in the third edition, various

other emendations are made, although almost on the last page we find one slip—Coventry Patmore being spoken of as still living. The limit of the little book, which is one of the most remarkable pieces of compression in our language, is still the year 1832; but Mr. Brooke appends a review of later English poetry. In it we are glad to find this tribute to William Barnes, of Dorsetshire: "The time will come when the dialect in which he wrote will cease to prevent the lovers of poetry from appreciating at its full worth a poetry which, written in the noble tongue of the poor and of his own heart, is as close to the lives and souls of simple folk as it is to the woods and streams, the skies and farms, of rustic England."

The Soldier's Song-Book. Edited by F. A. Cellier and George Miller. (W. Clowes & Sons.)

A LITTLE threepenny collection of soldier songs—words and music—with the above title, lies before us. The cover is the true military red, and from the Commander-in-Chief comes a concise testimonial. "Troops," writes Lord Wolseley, "that sing as they march will not only reach their destination more quickly and in better fighting condition than those that march in silence, but inspired by the music and words of national songs, will feel that self-confidence which is the mother of victory." Cromwell knew this too. Indeed, there can have been little concerning the private soldier that Cromwell did not know. But Cromwell's men sang hymns: they did not sing "The Girl I've Left Behind Me." For the selection of these songs Mr. F. A. Cellier and Mr. George Miller have been responsible, picking out four-and-twenty from the lists sent to them by various adjutants of regiments. The original idea belongs, it seems, to Col. Sir Howard Vincent. The songs seem well chosen. We miss one or two: "John Brown's Body," for example, and "The Wearing of the Green," which we have always looked on as marching favourites, but doubtless the adjutants know best. Also there is nothing by Mr. Kipling, but that, probably, is the fault of his composers. Music before words—that is the rule in such matters.

Reliques of Old London. Drawn in Lithography by T. R. Way. With an Introduction and Descriptions by Henry B. Wheatley. (George Bell & Sons.)

MR. WAY has drawn upon stone a number of old London buildings which have lately vanished, or whose existence is being prolonged by good luck and the prayers of antiquarians. It is cause for joy to some of us that, being young, we have yet seen Temple Bar and Sir Paul Pindar's house in Bishopsgate. But these are past mourning. We shall soon see the dissipation of that seventeenth century gloom which Holywell-street alone can offer us, and the White Horse in Fetter-lane is going or gone. Mr. Way has recorded both. He has also given us back Nell Gwynne's house in Drury-lane, to which only six years ago one might have

made a pilgrimage. The Strand, Wych-street, Cripplegate, the Borough, and Holborn furnish other objects for Mr. Way to draw and for Mr. Wheatley to describe. A handsomer volume than theirs rarely comes into a reviewer's hands: the cover design, composed of a background of dull red brickwork, bearing a tablet in buff and gold for the title, is particularly happy. But we do not know why the bricks are represented as of Flemish bond instead of Old English, seeing that every brick building pictured by Mr. Way was reared before the Flemish was introduced into this country.

The Literary Year-Book, 1897. Edited by F. G. Aflalo. (George Allen.)

A LITERARY year-book is a good idea, and one can afford to be indulgent to a first attempt to carry it out. But the book before us is too sentimental. It should be scientific. Mr. Ernest Rhys's "Literary Causerie" is a breathless composition, in which more or less meaningless praise is meted out to more or less unknown writers, while works of real importance are omitted or very inadequately dealt with. Fourteen pages are allotted to a calendar which, we think, could have been well spared or compressed. The biographical sketches of active writers, each accompanied by a portrait, are a good feature, but the articles on "The Future of Books," "Long Books and Short," and similar subjects, are not specially pertinent to the year 1896, and are too slight to be valuable. No doubt the editors will recognise the importance of making their next issue a complete, orderly, and cool-headed summary of the literary activities of the present year. That is what is wanted. They will also doubtless thoroughly revise their Directory of British Authors, which in its present form is made ridiculous, alike by its omissions and inclusions.

Pius the Seventh. By Mary H. Allies. (Burns & Oates.)

THE diplomatic contest which Miss Allies has set out to record began with the present century and lasted fourteen years. Already Bonaparte's foot was upon the last rung of the ladder. In France he had restored order out of chaos. One thing only was lacking to perfect the social edifice—the moral force of an established religion. That there should be a clergy to sing *Te Deum* for his victories, a pontiff to assist at his coronation, and a submissive hierarchy to teach the rising generation its duty towards "our Emperor Napoleon," was demanded, he thought, not less as the complement of his own glory than as the necessary condition of dynastic and national stability. And it came as a surprise to his magnificent egoism that, whereas kings and peoples were prostrate at his nod, a mere principle should stand upright. Throughout the whole of his long contest with the occupant of the Chair of Peter he was fully convinced that nothing but a wrong-headed obstinacy stood between him and the accomplishment of his end. It is a squalid story that follows—of the infirm old man hurried from town to

town, buried in Savona, cut off from his friends and counsellors, subjected to alternate bullying and cajolery till, lest his reason should desert him before his life, he longed for death. It was in such a paroxysm of perplexity that he set his name to the fatal Concordat of Fontainebleau, from which, with tears of shame and contrition, he afterwards withdrew his consent. With painful accuracy Miss Allies traces the details of this persecution, and with a controlled indignation that lays hold upon the reader's sympathy. It is a story that a Catholic can well afford to write, for, unpleasant as are the details of pusillanimous truckling on the part of the less worthy ecclesiastics, the event served still more closely to cement that unity which is the special boast of the Roman Church. Never in the history of the Church has that organic unity been so rendered manifest as when, by a stroke of his pen, Pius VII. deposed a whole national episcopate. And this unprecedented exercise of Apostolic jurisdiction was instigated by one who compared himself to Henry VIII., and grudged to Augustus the "Summus Pontifex" of his superscription.

The People's Bible History. Edited by Rev. Geo. C. Lorimer, LL.D. With an Introduction by Right Hon. W. E. Gladstone. (Christian Commonwealth Co.)

THE popular edition of the above work, just issued, can hardly fail to receive a very wide welcome. This is probably the best and most comprehensive aid to Bible study which scholarship has yet given to the intelligent but not learned reader. The genesis of the work is interesting. As a first step in the undertaking an endeavour was made to gauge the actual need of such an historical accompaniment to the Bible. A very large number of inquiry circulars was sent out to the American public, with the result that 219,000 replies were received stating that such a work would be a boon. The work was then undertaken. It was published at a price which, while within the means of a large number of students and libraries, was prohibitive to a larger and not less eager public. But the present issue of a popular edition at prices ranging from £1 to £1 10s. fulfils the real objects of the undertaking; it brings an organised body of the best modern Biblical scholarship within the means and comprehension of the average man. The volume which accomplishes this is a handsome quarto of more than nine hundred pages, printed in double columns on good hot-pressed paper, and well illustrated with maps and reproductions of pictures by Raphael Bida, David Roberts, and such photographs taken by modern travellers as could best add grace to the book. The coloured maps are clear and good. The text was entrusted to eighteen writers, including Mr. Gladstone, whose general introduction has been recognised as an eloquent and touching plea for the authenticity and moral authority of the Bible. Prof. A. H. Sayce follows Mr. Gladstone with a special introduction to Old Testament literature and history, in which the aims, the limits, and the great *mater* Biblical

research are named and briefly discussed. With a paper on the Manuscripts of the Old Testament the preparatory section of the work is completed, and the recital of the Bible story period by period, and by scholars selected for their respective attainments, is begun.

* * *

Eras of the Christian Church. Edited by John Fulton. (T. & T. Clark.)

THIS series of books, American in origin, is designed to explain the existing divisions of Christendom, and promote their effacement, by "a calm and impartial study of the history of the Church in its long and varied experience under the guidance of the Holy Spirit." There will be in all ten monographs, each concerned with a single epoch in the life of the Church. Three volumes are already published, and they are: *The Age of Hildebrand*, by Prof. M. R. Vincent, D.D., of New York; *The Age of the Great Western Schism*, by Clinton Locke, D.D., of Chicago; and *The Age of the Crusaders*, by J. M. Ludlow, D.D. There is a thoroughness in the get-up, arrangement, and indexing of these volumes that inspires confidence. The period treated in the first-named volume is that which begins with the papacy of Hildebrand. The claims of Hildebrand, as expressed in the *Dictates*, would, says Mr. Vincent, "make a nineteenth-century head reel. To attempt such a scheme might have appalled Charlemagne or Napoleon." The eventful story of this colossal enterprise, from the election of Leo IX. in 1049 to the death of Innocent III. in 1216, is the subject of this volume. *The Age of the Great Western Schism* takes the student through the fourteenth century, concerning which Mr. Locke writes: "Consequences which we feel now in religious and in political life had their causes then, and blows struck then for religious and social liberty cut so deeply that in this very hour we note their effects." The third volume, *The Age of the Crusaders*, covering the eleventh and twelfth centuries, may be read as a romance. But the author justly remarks on the puerility of ascribing these vast and prolonged movements to the influence of one man, and the utter impropriety of attributing "these unfortunate and ill-timed ventures to the Almighty."

* * *

Soudan '96. By H. C. Seppings Wright. (Horace Cox.)

"Go to Egypt at once." Mr. H. C. Seppings Wright obeyed this mandate from the *Illustrated London News* office, and, to use his own words, "it was not long before I was hurrying across to the land of the Pharaohs to play my small part in the operations against the Dervishes." This book—a shilling paper-bound volume—is the story of his adventures as a war artist in the Dongola campaign. By way of frontispiece we have a portrait of the author (against a photographic artist's drop-scene) clad in full field costume and pith helmet, with pipe between his lips and pencil on sketch-book. Mr. Wright might have instructed the photographer to insert a bursting shell or two in the background!

FICTION.

King Noanett. By F. J. Stimson. (John Lane.)

SUCCESS does not often crown the effort of a man to weave a romance over the skeleton of another's masterpiece. Failures at that task within recent years could be recalled; but, as the masterpieces were the subjects of parody, not of emulation, the cases need not be mentioned. Now, however, arrayed in the mantle of a great Englishman, an American writer walks into our presence without being either impertinent or ridiculous. *King Noanett*, by Mr. F. J. Stimson, is not inferior to the bewitching *Lorna Doone*. That is all the more remarkable because in its main outlines, and in its way with words, it is almost identical with Mr. Blackmore's work. Like John Ridd, Bampfylde Moore Carew is a young man of humble station roaming over the Devonshire moorlands; like Lorna Doone, "Miss" St. Aubyn is a maid of high degree, who casually meets the hero in the romantic solitudes. As in Mr. Blackmore's tale, love arises betwixt these twain, despite a bitter feud between the classes to which their families belong. The maid's family is for the King; the young man's is for the Commonwealth. Their stolen interviews, in the earlier chapters, are no less sweetly told than is the timid dalliance of John Ridd and the immortally charming daughter of the Doones. The lovers are separated, of course; and then Mr. Stimson makes a slight digression. John Ridd ranged himself against the Doones, and fought with fury; Moore Carew promptly sheds his anti-monarchical Puritanism, and draws his sword in support of the Royalists. He has not only our sympathy, but our admiration also, on account of that apostacy. It is not in any creditable human nature to remain a Roundhead with a Miss St. Aubyn to inspire us otherwise. The proper harmony of Carew's sentiments with the cause for which the lady's father was fighting did not affect the fortunes of the Civil War. Returning from a meeting with her, Carew

"heard a plaintive cadence of melody over the evening moor; it was a man's voice, but no roistering cavalier melody, only just that sad and simple little tune to which the cause of the Stuarts died—

"Her whom ye love
For him ye shall leave,
He is thy King, if Queen she shall ever be;
Now ye may prove
How both ye do love
Dying so loyally, living so tenderly . . ."

That song, although we are not told so at the time, was warbled by one Miles, a young Irishman whose acquaintance Carew makes when both of them, for treason against the Commonwealth, are voyaging, in a convict ship, to Virginia. With them on that unwilling errand is a maid, little Jennifer, who becomes much attached to the Irish Royalist because of his thrashing some men on board who had ill-used her. Arrived in the community of Pilgrim Fathers to which they had been

consigned, the two exiles find it necessary to pass off little Jennifer as Miles's wife; and she has to share all their subsequent adventures in the same guise. This complexity of affairs is managed with delicate skill. The adventures themselves are thrilling in the extreme. Particularly so is the culminating crisis, in which, quite after the manner of John Ridd in *Lorna Doone*, Miles and Moore storm an Indian fort. Who should they meet there but Miss St. Aubyn? and by what were they attracted but by the strains of the Jacobite song which Miles himself had poured forth on the Devonshire moorlands? Her father, at a disadvantage with the King's enemies at home, had gone to harass their sires and their uncles abroad, and had become King Noanett, a chief of the Red Indians. It turns out, alas! that, although not with equal sanction, the two Royalist exiles had been buoyed up through all their years of trial by love of the same woman. We do Mr. Stimson an injustice in telling his tale thus, as, indeed, we should do in telling it at all; but we have not told it wholly, and the last is the greatest scene. There are many romances in which one would fain, here and there, reconstruct a sentence or obliterate a chapter; but there is not a word in *King Noanett* which we should wish to change. In its reticent ease, its tenderness, its cleanly strength, the story is admirable.

Tatterley. By Tom Gallon. (Hutchinson & Co.)

To the reader who likes old-fashioned sentiment, and simple people, and elemental human nature, and a happy ending, we could not recommend a better story than *Tatterley*. In *Tatterley* he will find them all, and good writing to boot. The central figure of the novel is a rugged, implacable skinflint, of the Ralph Nickleby and Scrooge order, and the scheme of the book is to show his regeneration and humanisation after the manner of *The Christmas Carol*. We are, indeed, reminded of Dickens at every turn, although Mr. Gallon, while no imitator and strong enough to stand very squarely on his own feet, has merely taken a sound convention as the basis of his work. How Mr. Caleb Fry proceeded from cynicism and miserliness to something sweeter and gentler we must leave the reader to discover; remarking simply that Mr. Gallon's sympathy and art have so well served him as to convert in our mind an improbability into a shining fact. We believe in *Tatterley* through thick and thin; we believe every word of his story; and we are glad that the ranks of the novelists have been strengthened by so clear-sighted and kindly and efficient a recruit as its author.

The Man of Straw. By Edwin Pugh (Heinemann.)

SINCE *L'Assommoir* no more lively drama of moral deterioration has been constructed than this story of Mr. Pugh's. And the terror of it is enhanced by the admixture of elements which find no place in M. Zola's work. Here you have, in complete contrast with the self-centred lunatic whose moral

decline is the main theme, the idealistic girl who marries him. As the one goes forward along the path of squalid dissipation to madness and crime, the character of the other matures, waxes strong, and prevails; her girlish illusions give place to a grave recognition of things as they are, her lively intelligence grows ripe, and her will more confident. Evamarried John Coldershaw, captured partly by his beauty and partly disposed to believe that as his form answered to her ideal of masculine grace, so also his soul must have integrity. Something over a year of marriage disenchanted her, in spite of much tender endurance, and the discovery of his vulgar intrigue with one of her domestics precipitated a crisis. They parted; she divided her little fortune with him and established herself as a milliner, in which career she greatly prospered. Her husband, the man of straw, went from depths to lower depths, blackmailed her, developed a homicidal mania, and escaped the gallows and died in his bed by the considered treachery of the nurse—his wife. We need not scruple to give so much of the plot, for the value of Mr. Pugh's work is in its detail. The characterisation, not only of the two principal personages, but of John's honest parents, of his simple toady Dick Anderton, and of the unfortunate crack-brained gentleman who was Eva's father, is extremely fine; and the accessory detail is excellently vivid.

Gentleman George. By Mrs. Herbert Martin. (Hurst & Blackett.)

MRS. MARTIN'S story, which is "without a heroine," has for hero one George Carey, known to the village folk as "Gen'lman Jarge." He is a middle-aged ne'er-do-weel, who has been expelled from home as a youth for a forgery committed in his cups, and has since supported existence upon a weekly postal order. He has never done anything for a living, and has, therefore, retained enough good breeding to impress even the local curate. "Gen'lman Jarge's" rehabilitation is on this wise: The wife of his brother, now the owner of the paternal estate, takes flight from her husband, and is found by George dying in a hop-garden. George brings up the child who has accompanied her, and ultimately carries it to the father's house. Here the child is received with open arms, and George with arms partially open. There are some tears and reminiscences of boyhood's days. The prodigal is installed in a cottage on the corner of the estate, and the curtain falls. The book will probably have its readers, for it is wholesome in tone, and requires no mental exercise. It is conceived throughout with all the fantastic improbability which belongs to the old circulating library convention. The minor characters are of traditional antiquity. There is the child of four who remarks of the grotesque village natural,

"I don't like his face, but I likes him."
"A good distinction, Sukey. What is it you don't like? What is it you call him?"
"Why, I dunno—his inside, ent it."

We had thought that this youthful and intelligent rustic had died out of fiction.

The Last Recruit of Clare's. By S. R. Keightley. (Hutchinson & Co.)

MR. KEIGHTLEY is one of the most entertaining of those who, after Dumas and Stevenson, essay the tale of romantic deeds and hairbreadth 'scapes. The five stories in this volume are excerpted from the memoirs of one Anthony Dillon, Chevalier of St. Louis, Jacobite and swordsman of the Irish Brigade in the French service. A light-hearted soldier of fortune is Dillon, and admirably drawn by Mr. Keightley: in prosperity a rollicking blade, in adversity courageous and resourceful. A touch of chivalry in the man endears him, *miles gloriosus* though he be, to the imagination. His adventures, now with the Master of Langdale after Preston, now in the more dangerous service of Mme. de Pompadour, will stir the blood of those who, in a quiescent age, love to tickle their fancy with the clash of steel. Mr. Keightley has the gift of telling a good story both simply and lucidly. He does not, as do some of our latter-day romancers, bewilder himself and his reader in a complicated maze of intrigue. Nor does he irritate us with that pseudo-archaic jargon, peppered with obsolete oaths, which is popularly understood to be cavalier English. The faint mannerism of his style is just sufficient to give the necessary air of aloofness from ordinary speech. Mr. Keightley has written an easy, unaffected, unpretending book.

Madge o' the Pool, The Gypsy Christ, and other Tales. By William Sharp. (A. Constable & Co.)

THESE four stories, known already to some of Mr. Sharp's readers in the Chicago edition of 1895, certainly deserved rescue from comparative inaccessibility. We rather wish that "The Graven Image," which appeared in the American edition, had been allowed to replace "The Coward." "Madge"—really the finest story of the four—is rather aptly described as "a Thames etching." The Pool is a low riverside quarter, whose inhabitants so overwork their sole adjective that once when one of them had occasion to describe a coal-bunker it "might almost be taken for a slaughterhouse escaping in disguise." But Madge, whose vocabulary was as that of the other Poolites, is nevertheless an admirable heroine. She prayed "that she might have strength to refrain from all ugly horrors of speech, except, of course, such acknowledged ornaments of conversation as"—well, as the adjective just alluded to, and the verb which theologians employ to denote condemnation. Her heroism, her quaint nostalgia of the Pool, and the grotesque, mistaken tragedy of her self-destruction, form the story—a singularly unapplied material handled with courage and craftsmanship: etching is not a medium for amateurs. The reader who values "treatment," as such, may find satisfaction in this story. "The Gypsy Christ" may better please another reader. It is a story almost as bloody as the bargee's coal-box. Perhaps it is not wholly satisfactory, "but you are surprised to find it done at all." "The Lady in Hosea" is a study in caustic. It

would be interesting to take a census of "general" readers, and ascertain how many of them had perceived that the supreme tragedy of this story lies in its closing sentence.

Under the Circumstances. By Archie Armstrong. (Smith, Elder & Co.)

MR. ARCHIE ARMSTRONG can tell a story very pleasantly and he has an instinct for a plot. *Under the Circumstances* might have been spun out without unduly boring the reader. There is not even a detective in it, and what might not Wilkie Collins have made of Mrs. Pung in Mr. Armstrong's story? The unravelling of the mystery of the late Mr. Haggerston's housekeeper and widow would never have been left to chance and a casual young doctor. However, we have to thank Mr. Armstrong for a good short story, which might have been, but has not been, developed into an elaborate detective drama. The elements are there, and Mr. Armstrong may be encouraged to try a higher flight next time. His characters are quite in the Wilkie Collins style. Mrs. Pung; Raymond Wilson, the would-be bigamist; Blanche Chedworth, who will have a romance at all costs; Sir Henry Waterville, the hero with a past; and May Daryll, an old-fashioned heroine, who is none the less sweet and interesting; not forgetting Morden Carthew, whose very name spells the useful solicitor—all these are legitimate descendants of the fiction of thirty years since. But there is nothing out-of-date about Mr. Armstrong's method or incidents. His plot moves easily and rapidly, and his dialogues are natural and brightly written. In short, this is a very readable story with no pretence about it.

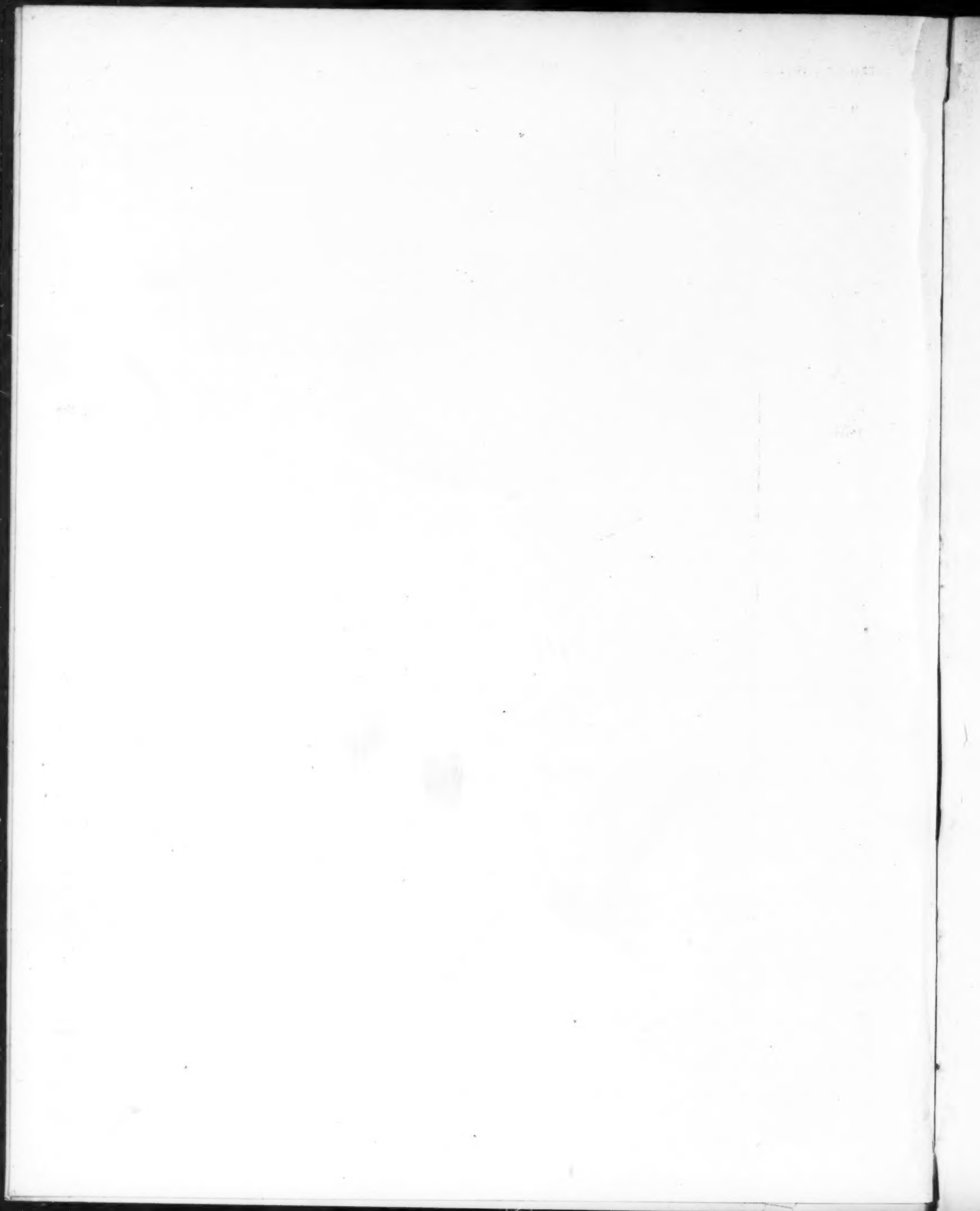
With the Red Eagle. By William Westall. (Chatto & Windus.)

IT is a mistake to pack a book with incident as you pack a trunk with clothes. This "historical romance" is so full of adventures that it leaves an impression of some one having sat on the lid to squeeze them in. That is a pity, for, taken one by one, the episodes are thrilling and well told. If you can imagine Falstaff as escaping a dozen times, instead of twice, from the house of Mistress Ford, and each time in a totally new and unexpected way, you will get some idea of Mr. Westall's method. He takes an Englishman of ninety years ago, casts him into the midst of the Tyrol rebellion, smothers him in deeds of valour, and encumbers him with hairbreadth escapes. The hero fights with tens against thousands, and routs them. He is the object of desperate pursuits, and the author of amazing stratagems. He is eternally taken prisoner; but you soon cease to be alarmed on his account, his resource and his luck are so wonderful. It will be guessed that Mr. Westall's perspective is at fault. His style is excellent; his matter is often admirable; but his imagination is a sad spendthrift. The political economy of literature forbids that "plots" should be squandered abroad as a fairy-tale monarch scatters his largesse in the streets.



SAMUEL PEPYS (AT 34)

From the Picture by John Hayls in the National Portrait Gallery



SATURDAY, MARCH 6, 1897.

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The EDITOR will make every effort to return rejected contributions, provided a stamped and addressed envelope is enclosed.

Occasional contributors are recommended to have their MS. type-written.

All business letters regarding the supply of the paper, &c., should be addressed to the PUBLISHER.

Offices: 43, Chancery Lane, W.C.

THE WEEK.

CHRONICLE OF NEW BOOKS.

[This article is a chronicle of books published during the week. Reviews will follow in due course.]

THE events of the day are apt to be reflected in the books of the day. Intention and coincidence both work to this result. The large output of books relating to the Navy was very noticeable at the time when naval matters occupied the public mind, and, indeed, this branch of publishing has been vigorous ever since. Just now it is curious to note how South Africa and Constantinople dominate a section of the book world.

AFRICA AND CONSTANTINOPLE. Mr. C. P. LUCAS'S *Historical Geography on the British Colonies* reaches its fourth volume, which deals with the history and geography of South and East Africa, at the moment when we want the truth about this part of the world. Mr. Lucas is a permanent official of the Colonial Office. He therefore enjoys access to materials of the first importance; and he can deal with those materials with the skill which comes of daily practice. This fourth volume is really two volumes, being divided into two parts, of which the first deals with the history and the second with the geography of our South African possessions and protectorates. Each volume contains maps in which, wherever it is necessary, the possessions of Great Britain, Portugal, Germany, and the Boer Republics are distinguished from each other by special colours.

MR. WILLIAM HOLDEN HUTTON'S *The Church of the Sixth Century* consists of six lectures delivered at Trinity College, Cambridge, and notes of a visit last year to Constantinople. The book is illustrated with views and plans of cities and buildings in Con-

stantinople connected with the history of the Christian Church in that century. Mr. Hutton feels the charm of the surroundings in which the fortunes of the Church were then centred. He writes in his preface:

"There is an extraordinary fascination about Constantinople, just as there is about the history of Justinian and Theodora; and it is a fascination which seems to appeal peculiarly to moderns. There is a significance about Victorien Sardou's melodramatic treatment of the central figures of the sixth century; still more in the grim tragedy of *Equal Love*, which we owe to the romantic fancy of 'Michael Field.' But the scenes are even more enthralling than the persons, as we know when we watch them in the prose of Pierre Loti, or the verse of Théophile Gautier or 'Violet Fane.' . . . If it seems strange to quote these lines in the preface to a book on Church History it will seem strange only, I think, to those who have not felt the wonder of the New Rome as she was, or as she is. In the very atmosphere is romance, and in every spot is history."

DANTE AND WORDSWORTH.

FROM the great house of Hoepli, of Milan, come the first twelve parts of a new and sumptuous edition of the *Divina Commedia* of Dante. The work is beautifully printed in large type, and illustrated with a great many colotype plates and photographic views. Many of the illustrations are taken from old pictures and portraits. The views chiefly represent scenes and towns in Italy mentioned in course of the poem. It is, indeed, an *édition de luxe*. The editor is Signor Corrado Ricci, well known as the author of *L'Ultimo Rifugio di Dante*.

Two new volumes of the "Eversley" Series become the repository of Wordsworth's prose writings. The first volume contains the "Letter to the Bishop of Landaff," the Advertisement, Preface, and Appendix to the *Lyrical Ballads*, "The Convention of Cintra," &c.; the second, the "Guide to the Lake District," "Upon Epitaphs," the Preface to the *Excursion*, &c. The circumstances under which these works were written and first published are matters for future notice. But the following passage in Mr. William Knight's preface to the volumes may be quoted for its intrinsic interest:

"Some quite extraordinary accident has befallen the MSS. of Wordsworth's prose. I have made numerous efforts, in manifold quarters, to see the originals; but I have been baffled in all directions. Everyone knows how MSS. mysteriously disappear, and are afterwards irrecoverable; but it is strange that none of the Wordsworth family—the representatives of the poet by lineal succession—and none of those with whom he corresponded, now possess these originals. The MSS. of Dorothy's and Mrs. Wordsworth's *Journals* exist, and a MS. copy of the *Fenwick Notes*. Nevertheless, the originals of these prose works, which existed in 1876, cannot now be found, either by the Wordsworth family or by any other investigator."

ARTIST AND SOLDIER.

THE *Memoirs of Baron Lejeune* is the title of the latest addition to the ever-growing Napoleonic library. Lejeune was a young artist when the Revolution broke out, and he joined the "Compagnie des Arts" in defence of his country. He

was with Napoleon at Valmy, Wagram, Leipzig, Marengo, and Austerlitz. His duties were mainly those of an aide-de-camp, in which capacity he served Marshals Berthier, Davoust, and Oudinot. Adventures continually fell to him, and on many a battle-field he used his brush and pencil as well as his sword. A collection of his drawings was recently shown in Paris.

THE TWO HOUSES.

THE *Book of Parliament* is all about Parliament and Parliamentary ways, and it is dedicated, by permission, to the Old Parliamentary Hand. The author, Mr. Michael Macdonagh, knows the Houses thoroughly, and in these pages he has traced

"the progress of a Parliament from the General Election, when it is constituted by the vote of the people, until the day the Sovereign, on the advice of the Cabinet, pronounces the sentence of its dissolution."

The titles of the chapters—"Wooing the Electors," "At the Polling Booths," "M.P.," &c., &c.—confirm this prospect of a thorough treatment of Parliamentary life.

CHURCH BELLS.

ONE half the world does not know what the other half is interested in. Hence the astonishment one feels when a book like *The Church Bells of Buckinghamshire* swims into one's ken. Not that swimming can come easily to a book which weighs 5 lbs. 2 ozs., and which measures 10½ in. by 7 in. by 2½ in. All this about the church bells of a small English county! Without anticipating our reviewer's account of this work we may say that the editor, Mr. Alfred Heneage Cocks, flies, in his introduction, to the question of why bells crack. Clergymen and sextons, it seems, forget that a bell is a machine and requires attention, and that what was hung by one generation requires oiling by another. Mr. Cocks thus describes the neglected state in which the investigator will find some belfries:

"In many cases—I had almost written most cases—he will fancy himself no longer in the church, but in a farmyard, or possibly on one of the guano islands off the coast of Peru. It is no exaggeration to say that the bell-chamber frequently contains cartloads of sticks, straws, and other rubbish brought in by birds for their nests. The avi-fauna comprise jackdaws, starlings, house-sparrows, and sometimes a pair of barn owls, and occasionally domestic pigeons; the invertebrates, which are easily overlooked at the moment, will demonstrate their presence during the night ensuing by keeping the explorer awake: these are lice and fleas, parasitic on the starlings; while very likely everything—bells, stocks, frame, &c.—will be as white from the deposit of guano as if they had been whitewashed."

CHAFFERS'S *Marks and Monograms on Pottery* has been the standard work on its subject since 1863. The seventh edition, greatly augmented since the previous ones, appeared in 1886, and was reprinted in 1891. The eighth, edited by Mr. Frederick Litchfield, is now before us. Mr. Litchfield's name is well known in connexion with his

works on porcelain and furniture. He undertook his present task eighteen months ago, and he claims to have added material of value to each section. Since the previous edition Lady Charlotte Schreiber's collection of porcelain and enamels has passed into the South Kensington Museum, the Edkins collection of Bristol china has been dispersed, and many monographs by specialists have been published. These and other developments are, of course, used by Mr. Litchfield. Simultaneously with this work comes Chaffers's *Handbook to Hall Marks on Gold and Silver Plate*, edited and extended by Mr. Christopher A. Markham, who says that this edition may be considered almost as a new work. The marks have been revised and many re-drawn.

FICTION.

MISS BEATRICE HARRADEN, whose *Ships that Pass in the Night* had a considerable vogue a few years ago, is responsible for a volume containing two stories, *Hilda Strafford* and *The Remittance Man*, both stories of Californian life. Mr. A. J. Dawson's *In the Bight of Benin* is graced with the following dedication: "To a beautiful woman, some happy pickaninnies, several 'white' negroes, and a few interesting blackguards, now resident in West Africa, the author sends greetings, and — some reminiscences." *The Young Clanroy* is a romance of the '45 by the Rev. Cosmo Gordon Lang. The narrator is supposed to be a Highland gentleman who was out in the '45. The dedication is to "the boys to whom it was told by their friend the Dean." *The Flight of the Eagle*, by Standish O'Grady,

"is not a romance but an actual historic episode, told with hardly a freer use of the historical imagination than is employed by the more popular and picturesque of our professed historians."

The Touchstone of Life is a new novel by Ella MacMahon, whose career as a story writer began anonymously with *A New Note*. This, and her second volume, *A Pitiful Passion*, showed a cleverness and originality which augured well for her future progress. Messrs. Hutchinson & Co., who publish *The Touchstone of Life*, also issue a new story by Mrs. Orpen, called *Perfection City*, in which the author portrays the humours of communism as they developed themselves in a small settlement on the Kansas prairie. Mr. Ernest Rhys has picked ten good old tales and put them into a book which Messrs. Kegan Paul have dressed handsomely. The first in *The Garden of Romance* (as he calls it) is "The Story of the Lame Young Man" from the *Arabian Nights*, and the last is "The Old Bachelor's Nightcap" from Hans Andersen; and between them come "The Story of Balin and Balan," "The Story of Le Fevre," Scott's "The Tapestry Chamber," Poe's "Fall of the House of Usher," &c. The book is in large square octavo size, and is pleasantly light in the hand. The output of the week contains no novel of particular distinction.

NEW BOOKS RECEIVED.

THEOLOGY.

PRESENT-DAY PRIMERS: WHEN WERE OUR GOSPELS WRITTEN? The Religious Tract Society. 1s.
CHRISTIAN CLASSICS SERIES: THE WRITINGS OF ST. PATRICK. By Rev. Charles H. H. Wright, D.D. Religious Tract Society. 2s.
CHRISTIANITY AND IDEALISM. By John Watson. James Maclehose & Sons. Macmillan & Co.

BIOGRAPHY.

ANN JANE CARRILE. By Fredk. Sherlock. Fredk. Sherlock.
CHRISTIAN MEN OF SCIENCE. By Various Authors. With Introduction by J. H. Gladstone. The Religious Tract Society. 1s. 6d.
AN ACCOUNT OF THE LIFE AND WORKS OF DR. ROBERT WATT. By James Finlayson, M.D. Smith, Elder & Co. 3s. 6d.

FICTION.

THE TROUBLES OF AN UNLUCKY BOY. By John Strange Winter. F. V. White & Co. 1s.
THE HISTORY OF TOM JONES. By Henry Fielding. Bliss, Sands & Co. 2s.
THE EVOLUTION OF DAPHNE. By Mrs. Alec. McMillan. F. V. White & Co.
THE YOUNG CLANROY. By the Rev. Cosmo Gordon Lang. Smith, Elder & Co. 6s.
THE MISFORTUNES OF ELPHIN AND RHODODAPHNE. By Thomas Love Peacock. Illustrated by F. H. Townsend. Macmillan & Co. 3s. 6d.
THE POSTHUMOUS PAPERS OF THE PICKWICK CLUB. By Charles Dickens. Edited by Andrew Lang. Vol. II. Chapman & Hall.
WITHOUT BLOODSHED. By Harold E. Gorst. The Roxburgh Press. 6d.
THE GARDEN OF ROMANCE. Edited by Ernest Rhys. Kegan Paul. 6s.
IN THE BIGHT OF BENIN. By A. J. Dawson. Lawrence & Bullen.
THE FLIGHT OF THE EAGLE. By Standish O'Grady. Lawrence & Bullen.
MARGOT. By Sidney Pickering. Lawrence & Bullen.
HILDA STRAFFORD AND THE REMITTANCE MAN. By Beatrice Harraden. William Blackwood & Sons. 3s. 6d.
PERFECTION CITY. By Mrs. Orpen. Hutchinson & Co.

MISCELLANEOUS.

THE BOOK OF PARLIAMENT. By Michael Macdonagh. Isbister & Co. 6s.

POLITICS.

BRITON OR BORN? By George Griffith. F. V. White & Co.

EDUCATIONAL.

SELECTIONS FOR FRENCH COMPOSITION. By C. H. Grandgent. Isbister & Co. 1s. 6d.
PRAKTIISCHE ANFANGSGRÜNDE. By Hermine Stüven. Isbister & Co. 2s. 6d.
MÄRCHEN UND ERZÄHLUNGEN. By H. A. Guerber. Isbister & Co. 2s.
STUDIES IN HISTORICAL METHOD. By Mary Sheldon Barnes. Isbister & Co. 2s. 6d.

ANTIQUARIAN.

THE CHURCH BELLS OF BUCKINGHAMSHIRE. By Alfred Henneage Cocks, M.A. Jarrold & Sons.
CHAFFERS' HANDBOOK TO HALL MARKS ON GOLD AND SILVER PLATE. Edited by Christopher A. Markham. Gibbings & Co., Ltd.
MARKS AND MONOGRAMS ON EUROPEAN POTTERY AND PORCELAIN. By William Chaffers. Gibbings & Co., Ltd.

PSYCHOLOGY.

CONTRIBUTIONS TO THE ANALYSIS OF THE SENSATIONS. By Dr. Ernst Mach. Translated by C. M. Williams. The Open Court Publishing Co.

GEOGRAPHY.

A HISTORICAL GEOGRAPHY OF THE BRITISH COLONIES. By C. P. Lucas, B.A. Vol. IV.: South and East Africa. Part I.: Historical; and Part II.: Geographical. Clarendon Press. 6s. 6d.

TRAVEL.

ON THE TRAIL OF DON QUIXOTE. By August F. Jacacci. Illustrated by Daniel Vierge. Lawrence & Bullen.

HISTORY.

HISTORY OF THE ARMENIANS IN INDIA. By Mesroub J. Seth. Luzac & Co. 7s. 6d.
THE CHURCH OF THE SIXTH CENTURY. By William Holden Hutton. Longmans, Green & Co. 6s.
THE STORY OF THE HOUSE OF LANCASTER. By Henry Hartwright. Elliot Stock. 6s. 9d.

NOTES AND NEWS.

THE *National Observer* has been acquired by the proprietors of the *British Review*, and will henceforth be incorporated in that journal.

THE *National Observer* was started some eight or nine years ago as the *Scots' Observer*. It was published in its bantling days at Edinburgh: it appealed mainly to Scotsmen, and was controlled by Mr. James N. Dunn, the present editor of *Black and White*. After a year or so of respectable but uneventful existence, the editorship was accepted by Mr. W. E. Henley, who quickly impressed his individuality upon its pages. Soon it was determined to appeal to a wider public. The offices were removed to London, the title was changed, and the *National Observer* began to flame among the politico-literary weeklies.

THE note was militant; the criticism virile; authors were slashed and bludgeoned and occasionally praised; but the point of view remained from first to last consistent. The distinction of the paper apart from criticism was Mr. Henley's genius for discovering new talent, and his gift for extracting a man's best. In its pages appeared many of Mr. Kipling's "Barrack-Room Ballads," his "Blind Bug," and his "Tomlinson," R. L. Stevenson's "Father Damien," and some of Mr. Barrie's most characteristic things. Among the writers whose work was published in the pages of the *National Observer*, and who acknowledge the stimulus of Mr. Henley's encouragement, were Mrs. Meynell, Mr. H. B. Marriott Watson, Mr. Charles Whibley, Mr. Arthur Morrison, Mr. G. S. Street, Mr. H. G. Wells, Mr. G. W. Stevens, Mr. Gilbert Parker, Mr. Kenneth Grahame, and Mr. Murray Gilchrist.

ABOUT three years ago the paper passed to another proprietor. Mr. Henley resigned, and was succeeded by Mr. J. E. Vincent. Under Mr. Vincent it was outspoken, and although not a "fighting paper," was always readable. Among Mr. Vincent's discoveries was Mr. Owen Seaman, whose satirical verse is among the best of its kind. The *British Review*, with which the *National Observer* is to be incorporated, was started in the autumn of last year under the editorship of Mr. W. H. Mallock.

ANOTHER new weekly will see the light this month. It is to be edited by Mrs. Roy Devereux, author of *The Ascent of Woman*. *Mayfair* will be the title of this new venture. It is to be the size of the *World*, and it will deal with matters social, literary, artistic, and fashionable.

SOME idea may prevail that the library at Lambeth Palace is inaccessible during the outside repairs now in hand; this is not the case, and the MSS. and books have been consulted as usual, daily, from 10 a.m. to 4 p.m. (Saturday excepted), by scholars and students. The Kentish local collection of prints and pamphlets continues to be of much service to those interested in their parochial history, a branch of antiquarian lore well worthy of greater attention and research.

THE following dates have been settled upon by Miss Dorothy Leighton and Mr. Charles Charrington for their season of Ibsen at the Independent Theatre: "The Lady from the Sea" will be given from May 10 to 14; "The Wild Duck" from May 17 to 21; "A Doll's House" from May 24 to May 28.

THE Booksellers' Dinner will be held at the King's Hall, Holborn Restaurant, on Saturday, May 8, when Mr. W. E. H. Lecky, M.P., has promised to occupy the chair.

ON another page there is a review of the third volume of Messrs. Henley & Henderson's *Burns*. This week also comes the news that before long the recently discovered correspondence between Burns and Mrs. Dunlop may be published, together with a number of MSS. of poems, "some new, and some with various readings." There seems no finality in the art of editing poets: something fresh is for ever coming to light.

IT is a little surprising to read that Miss Beatrice Harraden's *Hilda Strafford*, which was published only last Saturday, has already reached a seventh edition. The explanation is that the first edition was three or four times subscribed, and the demand since has been so large that Messrs. Blackwood are now forced to go to press again. It would be interesting, by the way, to know of how many copies each edition consisted. The same publishers will shortly publish a long novel by Miss Harraden, called *I, too, have come Through Wintry Terrors*, a title that should take the popular taste as effectually as *Ships that Pass in the Night*.

A PICTURE by the late Sir John Millais has been presented to the National Gallery by his half-sister, Mrs. Hodgkinson. It is "The Yeoman of the Guard"—not the best example of his genius—which was exhibited at the Academy twenty years ago. Before long I hope that a representative work by this painter will find its way into the national collection.

AMONG the literary recollections of Prof. Max Müller in the current *Cosmopolis* are some relating to Tennyson which the papers have very eagerly copied. And I will not deny that they make good copy. But at the same time I find myself blushing for Prof. Max Müller. He asked the late Laureate to dinner and to breakfast, and in writing now about the meals he states that his guest behaved exceedingly badly: the late Laureate found fault with the food, and showed little consideration for the feelings of his host and hostess. Yet considering how his host was some day to hold up this illustrious guest, his foibles and his shortcomings, to the merciless eyes of the world, one cannot feel about Tennyson's conduct quite as Prof. Max Müller would seem to wish. The host charges his guest with bad manners; but we end by forgetting the conduct of the guest in that of the host.

IN a volume of *Registres Gascons* (1474-1514), recently published by the municipality of Bayonne, Mr. S. R. Gardiner has discovered mention of a truce, hitherto unknown, between France and England, proclaimed at Bayonne, October 20, 1482. The same volume contains documents relating to a considerable trade in woad (for dye) between Bristol and Bayonne during these years. Of this commerce no previous record was known.

THE prospectus of the forthcoming edition of *Don Quixote*, by Mr. Fitzmaurice-Kelly and the late John Ormsby, has just been issued. This Spanish text follows as nearly as possible that of the first edition of 1505. It will form a handsome quarto, printed by Messrs. Constable of Edinburgh, with Mr. David Nutt as London publisher. The prospectus is written in Mr. Fitzmaurice-Kelly's liveliest strain, and is a fair challenge to all opponents to do their worst. He describes Hartzenbusch's treatment of the Quixote as that of "a true German pedant." This is applying the principle of nationality with a vengeance. How the shade of Cecilia Bohl de Faber (Fernan Cabellero) must tremble, too, at this: the author of *Los Amantes de Teruel*, over which the fairest eyes of Spain have shed delicious tears, "a true German pedant"! As well call the author of "Romeo and Juliet" a Welsh border boor! But, for all this, it will be difficult to find Mr. Fitzmaurice-Kelly tripping in bibliographical details, and his text will give matter of discussion to the keenest critics.

MR. R. H. SHERARD, the journalist whose distinction it is to have written the most-contradicted interview with Ibsen that has yet appeared, seems to be on the brink of a new kind of fame. A correspondent in Christiania has written to him saying: "Your article has been much commented upon here, and the Norwegians are furious, proposing to immortalise you as a noun and verb, i.e. to say, 'Oh, that's a Sherard,' when they mean an inaccuracy; or, 'We were Sherarded by that man,' i.e., 'maligned by that man,' for they quite accept Ibsen's statements concerning his talk with you." Mr. Sherard's comment is: "It would ill become an ardent philologist to object to anything by which a starveling and unpicturesque language may be enriched and beautified."

I SAID a "new kind of fame," meaning, of course, new only for the journalist. Other men become nouns and verbs very easily. We pack our Gladstone, we consult our Bradshaw, we Boycott our neighbour, and there was a time, when party feeling was running higher than it does just now, when an inaccuracy was called a "Salisbury." But those days are over.

THE note of the new *Pick-Me-Up* is, I am told, to be smartness without vulgarity. The words "Smart, but not vulgar" will appear over the title week by week as an earnest of this change of heart. The first revised number will be dated March 13,

and, it is hardly necessary to state, will contain drawings by Mr. Phil May, Mr. Raven Hill, and Mr. Dudley Hardy. A picture by Mr. C. D. Gibson, the American draughtsman, and one by an artist of promise, who is less well known, Mr. William T. Horton, will also appear. The admirable "Jingle," whose sprightly criticisms of the drama were the best things in the letterpress of the old *Pick-Me-Up*, is to continue his weekly task. The rather too emotional gentleman who called himself, not without reason, "The Amorist," will, I presume, have to seek another outlet for his feelings.

Pick-Me-Up henceforward is to emerge from the offices of the *Illustrated London News* and *The Sketch*. A paper seems to have a much better chance in the struggle for life if it can fight its way under the protecting shoulders of an elder brother. Mr. Shorter now has the cares of four considerable periodicals, while two others—*The Sporting and Dramatic* and *The Lady's Pictorial*—are also connected with the *Illustrated London News* office.

A LIBRARIAN's list of readers' blunders in asking for books yields the following specimens: "Abraham's Nights" (*Arabian Nights*); "Dickens' Tootpick Papers"; "The Stinking Minister" and "The Stuck-up Minister"; "A book describing place where they keep leopards on Sandwich Islands" (? where they keep leopards on sandwiches); and "Black Beauty, a little book by Zola." This last is saddening. It is bitter to think of the innocent classic of our childhood thus maligned.

AT this time of year one expects poetical quotations in the journals, although possibly one would not grieve over their absence. But for misquotation there is no excuse. In the *Westminster Gazette* I find it written of Dr. Joachim that he is like the daffodils, "that come before the swallow dares, and deck the winds of March with beauty." Alas! If Shakespeare's good genius was ever vigilant at his side it was when it prompted the poet to write of the yellow flowers that they "take the winds of March with beauty."

THE following extract is from a book catalogue:

"Stirling, James H. Text-Book to Kant. The Critique of Poor Reason. 8vo. N. Y., 1882."

I OBSERVE that on the Rand the reviewer is a person of authority. A bookseller of Johannesburg has been telling an interviewer that new books are ordered for Africa purely on the strength of London reviews. The books which just now are being most read are all the works of Mr. Kipling and Miss Corelli, and the later works of Mr. Crawford, Mr. Crockett, and Mr. Barrie. Also Mr. Besant's *City of Refuge*, Ian Maclaren's *Mind of the Master*, Mr. Wilson Barrett's *Sign of the Cross*, and Mark Twain's *Tom Sawyer, Detective*. The standard novels, in cheap form, sell well too. A large trade in Bibles and prayer-books is also carried on by the firm which gives this information.

THE one event of interest to chronicle this week, "G. S. S." writes, is that Richard is himself again at the Lyceum, and everybody's congratulations are due on Sir Henry Irving's recovery. He is too thoughtful an actor—there are those who say thought is here a vice—absolutely to stereotype a part, but his playing on Saturday was, in the main, a repetition of that on the first performance. That is to say, Richard was a consciously artistic and almost a comic devil; the grim humour was emphasised as before—as before, the hopelessness of a contemporary audience making much of the tragedy was implicitly recognised. "Amen, and may I die a good old man"—that was the sort of speech which was most emphasised in its satirical significance, and once more one regretted that a brilliant comedian has been practically lost to classic comedy. But I expressed my poor opinion of Sir Henry's Richard at sufficient length some while ago; and of changes I noticed only that he played the scene with a better pretence of sincerity—certainly an artistic alteration—and that the Anne (Miss Julia Arthur) was appreciably better than before.

THE ONLOOKER.

By an error it was stated last week that the forthcoming work to be entitled *The Art of William Morris*, by Mr. Aymer Vallance, would be published by Mr. Quaritch. The publishers are Messrs. G. Bell & Sons.

MR. EDWARD ARNOLD has in the press two volumes by Prof. Karl Pearson. The volumes contain several scientific essays dealing with chance in various aspects, from the chances of death to games of chance, the problems of modern political progress, and those in connexion with the position of women.

SIR HERBERT MAXWELL, BART., M.P., will publish shortly with Mr. Edward Arnold a book of sketches of nature under the title of *Memories of the Months*.

THE Delegates of the Clarendon Press have arranged for the publication, at short intervals, of a series of five books on Musical History, to be issued under the general editorship of Mr. W. H. Hadow, Fellow of Worcester College. The first volume, dealing with *The Ecclesiastical Period*, has been undertaken by Prof. H. E. Wooldridge; Dr. Hubert H. Parry deals with *The Seventeenth Century*; and Mr. J. A. Fuller-Maitland with *The Age of Bach and Handel*. The editor has in preparation the fourth volume, treating of *The Viennese School and its Times*; and Mr. E. Dannreuther will close the series with an account of *The Romantic Movement*.

MR. ELLIOT STOCK announces, as the new volume of the "Book-Lovers' Library," *The Novels of Charles Dickens, a Bibliography and Sketch by F. G. Kitton*. The work will give in a condensed form the information which is available concerning the circumstances under which Dickens's various stories were written, and will furnish a complete bibliography such as has not hitherto been obtainable. A useful feature of the book will be a record of the present value of the earlier editions of Dickens's works.

GEORG EBERS.

TO the tribute which the world of letters and of science in Germany has with generous enthusiasm paid to the fame of its greatest living novelist, Georg Ebers, on the occasion of his sixtieth birthday, we hasten to add our English congratulations. Since Gustav Freytag passed away no foreign writer of fiction has appealed more successfully to the taste of English readers than the author of *A Princess of Egypt*.

It was in Berlin, in a house on the Tiergartenstrasse, on March 1, 1837, that Georg Ebers was born. When he came into the world the grass was already green over the grave of his father, a banker and manufacturer of repute. To compensate for this loss all the affection of his mother was lavished on the posthumous child. Georg Ebers owed a deep debt of gratitude to this talented, intellectual woman, well known in the literary society of Berlin; and few higher tributes to the beauty of motherhood have been penned than the passages in the *History of My Life*, in which Georg Ebers acknowledges what he owes to the memory of his mother. The atmosphere in which the boyhood of the future savant and novelist passed was congenial. In the same house in which his mother lodged lived the brothers Grimm, the great grammarians and treasurers of the wealth of Teutonic folklore. To their influence, we may take it, the scholarly bent of young Georg's mind is due, and his association with them, probably, can be traced many years later in the three charming "Märchen," which came as a surprise to those who had known Ebers only as the writer of historical romances. After the usual course at the Gymnasium, Ebers read law at the University of Göttingen. During his student career there fell on him a dangerous illness, which brought him to the verge of the grave and from which he did not wholly recover for many a long year. This illness was the turning-point in his career. Feeling unfitted for the rough-and-tumble of active life he decided to devote himself to academic studies in the science which had always attracted him, Egyptology. Jakob Grimm introduced him to that eminent, if somewhat crabbed savant, Lepsius. The first-fruits of his study was *A Princess of Egypt*. Lepsius, hearing of his disciple's achievement, expressed contemptuous surprise that a scholar should waste his time on such "allotria"; but to the general reader the book opened out a new world. For the first time the dry bones of scholastic research had been endowed with the breath of life. So lifelike were the characters that some critics pretend to recognise the personalities who had inspired them. Rhodopis was held to be his mother; Pharaoh Amasis was only Frederick William IV. in Egyptian guise. Be this as it may, the scholarship Ebers displayed in his treatise on *Egypt and the Books of Moses* won the recognition of the learned, and in 1864 he was appointed to a professorship in his university. Shortly afterwards he married the woman, a daughter of the burgomaster of Riga, who was to prove a worthy helpmate of his busy life. After

a short journey to Egypt, from which he was recalled to fill the chair of professor of Egyptology at the University of Leipzig, he revisited the land of the Pharaohs in 1872. During his excavations at Thebes he discovered the papyrus dating from the second century B.C., which is still known by the name of its discoverer.

On his return to Leipzig he resumed his round of lectures and duties, which helped to train many Egyptologists of the present day. In 1876, some twelve years after the appearance of his first romance, came *Uarda*, perhaps the finest of all his novels. *Homo Sum*, *The Sisters*, and *The Emperor* followed in quick succession. In 1881, in his *Frau Bürgermeisterin*, Ebers surprised his readers by transferring his *mise-en-scène* from Egypt to a theatre nearer home, a success he followed up two years later with *Ein Wort*. More recently he struck out a new line in his *Gret*, a Kulturbild, a wonderfully graphic description of popular life and thought in the mediæval Nürnberg. In all, sixteen historical novels have flowed from his prolific pen, in addition to numerous learned treatises, fairy tales, biographies, and two great works of reference on *Egypt* and *Palestine*. Indeed, every year for the last quarter of a century has seen the publication of some work from his pen. His industry, apart from his achievement, is amazing; for until he retired, in 1889, he was engaged in exacting scholastic duties at Leipzig. At the age of fifty-nine he wrote his most recent novel, *Barbara Blomberg*, containing the freshest and most fascinating of his heroines, a wonderful picture of Ratisbon during the Middle Ages. If rumour be true, this will be his last novel; for it is said that, now he has entered on the evening of his days, he has decided to lay his pen aside.

ACADEMY PORTRAITS.

XVII.—SAMUEL PEPYS.

SAMUEL PEPYS, Admiralty clerk, takes his stand among our English classics purely by accident. He kept a diary in cipher for his own amusement, and behold! when translated into longhand it turned out to be literature, and is now numbered with the books that will not die; whereas such writings as were made by Pepys in the ordinary manner have as little interest as yesterday's paper. And the reason is that the diary is Pepys, and Pepys can never lose his savour. We are as interested to-day in what he was doing two hundred and fifty years ago as he was at the time.

Look, for example, at the account of two red-letter days in April of 1661: "So to Captain Allen's (where we was last night, and heard him play on the harpsichon, and I find him to be a perfect good musician), and there, having no mind to leave Mrs. Rebecca, I did what with talk and singing (her father and I), Mrs. Turner and I staid there till two o'clock in the morning, and was most exceeding merry, and I had the opportunity of kissing Mrs. Rebecca very often. At two o'clock, with very great mirth, we went to our lodging

and to bed, and lay till seven, and then called up by Sir W. Batten; so I rose, and we did some business, and then come Captain Allen, and he and I withdrew, and sang a song or two, and among others took great pleasure in 'Goe and bee hanged, that's twice good-bye.' The young ladies come too, and so I did again please myself with Mrs. Rebecca; and about nine o'clock, after we had breakfasted, we sett forth for London, and indeed I was a little troubled to part with Mrs. Rebecca, for which God forgive me. [Pepys had a wife waiting for him at home.] Thus we went away through Rochester. We baited at Dartford, and thence to London, but of all the journeys that ever I made, this was the merriest, and I was in a strange mood for mirth. Among other things, I got my Lady to let her mayd, Mrs. Anne, to ride all the way on horseback, and she rides exceeding well; and so I called her my clerk, that she went to wait upon me. I met two little schoolboys going with pichers of ale to their schoolmaster to break up against Easter, and I did drink of some of one of them, and gave him two-pence. By and by, we come to two little girls keeping coves, and I saw one of them very pretty, so I had a mind to make her aske my blessing, and telling her that I was her godfather, she asked me innocently whether I was not Ned Warding, and I said that I was, so she kneeled down, and very simply called, 'Pray, godfather, pray to God to bless me,' which made us very merry, and I gave her two-pence. In several places I asked women whether they would sell me their children, but they denied me all. . . ."

Here, in this delightful passage, written two and a half centuries ago, yet as fresh as this morning's buds, we have Samuel Pepys in high spirits as the epicure of life. That was his true character and his great worth. It is as the epicure of life that he is so alluring. His self-revelations are valuable in some degree, and his picture of the times makes him perhaps the finest understudy a historian ever had; but Pepys is greatest in his appreciation of good things. He lived minute by minute, as wise men do, and he extracted whatever honey was to be had. Who else has so fused business and pleasure? Who else has kept his mind so open, so alert? Whenever Pepys found an odd quarter of an hour he sang or strummed it away with a glad heart; whenever he walked abroad his eyes were vigilant for pretty women. No man was more amiable. He drank "incomparable good claret" as it should be drunk, and loved it; he laughed at Betterton; he ogled Nelly Gwynne; he intrigued with men of affairs; he fondled his books; he ate his dinner—all with gusto and his utmost energy. Trivial he certainly was, but his enjoyment is his justification. Samuel Pepys was a superb artist in living. He was a man of insatiable inquisitiveness: there was always something he considered "pretty to see." This gift of curiosity made him one of the best of Londoners. He knew the London of his day well: he saw the great plague and the great fire, and played his lute innocently through both.

Our portrait shows Pepys at the age of thirty-four: he lived to be seventy.

TWO UNPUBLISHED LETTERS OF SAMUEL PEPYS.

In 1854 my father picked up for eighteen-pence, at a bookstall in London, a bound volume containing 113 letters in MS., the majority of which he recognised at once as being in the handwriting of Samuel Pepys. In order, however, to make assurance doubly sure, and to ascertain whether anything was known of them, he sent the book to W. J. Thoms, the founder, and at that time the editor, of *Notes and Queries*, with a request that he would submit the letters for verification to Lord Braybrooke, the editor of *Pepys' Diary*, who pronounced them to be genuine, in a letter which is printed below. Two of the letters, probably the most entertaining of the collection, were kept back for the family autograph-book, now in my possession; the rest were presented, I believe, to Eton College.

[LORD BRAYBROOKE'S LETTER.]

"Lord Braybrooke has very carefully examined the Pepys Papers, and cannot return them without expressing his best thanks to Mr. Alfred Francis Barnard for his courtesy in submitting them to his inspection. There is no doubt as to the originality of the Letters, which in all probability were left in Pepys' House in York Buildings, when his library was removed to Clapham some years before his death, and which, with many other books and papers, were sold and dispersed instead of passing into the hands of his executors. Dr. Rawlinson, however, rescued a great portion now in the Bodleian Library. The old volume appears from the figures in pencil [each letter was numbered in pencil] to have been very much mutilated, as only 113 letters remain out of 604. The correspondence is exclusively relative to the abuses and reforms of Christ's Hospital, and is of interest as showing how much trouble Pepys took in investigating any subject, in spite of his age and infirmities, to which his attention was directed. . . . It would appear from the Table of Contents, which is in the same form and handwriting as many others in the Pepysian Collection, that there were in the volume letters of Sir Isaac Newton, but they have disappeared, with many others, perhaps handed over to collectors of autographs at different times. Samuel Newton, from whom there are some letters, was Teacher of Mathematics at Christ's Hospital. . . . The old book is worthy of being preserved. It is possible, too, that it might be prized by the Governors of the Hospital and placed amongst their Records. Nathaniel Hawor, of whom Pepys seems to have had a bad opinion, was Treasurer of Christ's Hospital.

"N. Burlington Street, 11 May 54/"

The first letter, a holograph by Pepys, is a draft, in a neat and clear hand, of a reply to the Samuel Newton mentioned by Lord Braybrooke, and is written on the back of Newton's letter. As the latter relates chiefly to business details of no present interest, I have extracted from it little more than those passages which contain the excuses that explain Pepys' indignation.

[NEWTON'S LETTER.]

"Hon^d Sir,
"I have sent the Certificate Y^r Hon^r was pleased to call for, and had waited on Y^r Hon^r before this time, if the trouble of removing my Books and Family had not prevented me. I much admire that the unparall'd Mr. [afterwards Sir Isaac] Newton has not yet wrote to our Trs^r [Treasurer, Nathaniel Hawor]. . . . The last Sunday some of my Relations from Y^e other end of the town came to dine (unexpectedly) with me, and have engaged me by promise to returne their Civility by dining with them Y^e next Sunday, so Y^t I fear I shall not have Y^e opportunity of waiting on Y^r Hon^r that day, but

intend to be in York buildings to morrow afternoon, when I should think it not only my greatest hon^r but strongest Interest to receive Y^r further Instructions. . . ."

"Y^r Hon^r most obliged faithful and humble servant

"S. NEWTON.

"June, 7th. 1695."

[PEPYS' REPLY.]

"June 11th, 1695, at Noone.

"MR. NEWTON,

"You made me lose all Saturday in Y^e Afternoon; not so much by Y^r not coming (for that might many ways be justifiably prevented) but by Y^r not sending me word that I was not to wait for you. For tho I think no time too much that I employ usefully, I think Y^e least too much that is taken from me to no purpose. Therefore, once for all, pray give me no more occasion for this kind of Complaint.

"I would be glad to see you, there being occasion for it, and Y^e sooner Y^e better. And that you may meet with no disappointment (for I would be as carefull of Y^r Time as of my own) pray send me word in Y^e Morning of Y^e Evening when you mean to come, & I will againe stay within an-l dispose of my Business on purpose for you. And pray bring Y^r Instructions along with you, which you tell me you have now Signed, & have (I presume) a Counter part of from Y^e House. I am

"Y^r truly affect^d Friend & Serv^t

"S. PEPYS."

The second letter in Pepys' hand is a beautifully written holograph, apparently a duplicate of a reply to John Reeves, under-clerk of Christ's Hospital, who seems to have been guilty of the same remissness, and receives a similar rebuke, as Samuel Newton. A copy of the letter from Reeves which called down upon him the wrath of Pepys appears as an endorsement by the latter.

[REEVES' LETTER.]

"Hon^d Sr,

"For not coming according to promise I begg your pardon. But Thursdays raine and yesterday's Committ^{ee} prevented. And for this Morning I am vpon payment of Money which is the occasion of sending this from

"Y^r Hon^d Serv^t

"JOHN REEVES.

"20 July, 1695."

[PEPYS' REPLY.]

"Saturday morning. July 20th, 1695.

"MR. REEVES,

"I thank you for Y^r Papers to day, only I would be glad when you are at any time prevented in coming to me when promis'd, you would send me word of it, for I stayd at home all Thursday expecting you, le-t you should have come & been disappointed of seeing me; And for Y^e Raine, I would & will at all times bear Y^r Charges in Coach-hire, rather than sett busineses aside on purpose for you, & not see you. It being Saturday, I am stepping into Y^e Countrey for a little Aire till Monday, & so cannot pres^{en}tly pass Y^r Papers of Y^e Mathematical Acc^t; but shall as soon as I come back. And for Y^e gener^l ones, shall then alsoe satisfy myselfe therein from Y^e Court-Book of Y^e 20th Febr^y last, whereto you refer me; and to that purpose, if you can spare it, pray let Y^r Beadle bring it me hither on Monday noone.

"I remaine

"Y^r truly affect^d friend

"S. PEPYS."

The numbers pencilled on the above letters are: Newton, 527; Pepys (1), 528; Reeves (not separately numbered); Pepys (2), 575.

F. P. BARNARD.

THE BOOK MARKET.

TWO PENCE OR THREE PENCE?

WE referred last week to the revival of interest in the question of discount in the bookselling trade, and we recorded the opinion of a high authority that a change was not likely to be effected in the near future. It has occurred to us, however, that it would be fair and interesting to collect opinions on the subject from booksellers generally. We have accordingly made inquiries, and these have elicited the courteous and instructive replies from the Trade which we print below.

That the discount system is a born absurdity is, we believe, admitted by everyone, including the happy book-buyer who tenders two shillings and eightpence for a book that is advertised to be worth three shillings and sixpence. But is the book-buyer so happy as he believes himself? Does he get three-and-sixpence worth? Certainly not.

The threepence gained has perhaps been threepence lost. It has meant limited stocks, inferior assistants, uncomfortable shops, and, in a word, the deterioration of the bookseller. This is the confession of the Trade itself. Undoubtedly there are still high-class booksellers, men who read books as well as sell them, and who, even under a system which they stigmatise as "degrading" and "pernicious," can maintain the dignity of an ancient and refined calling; but even these are hampered and discouraged.

Unfortunately there is no exaggerating the strength of the position held by Discount: it is so strong that the proposal to abolish it is no longer mooted; and the proposal actually before booksellers is to reduce threepence to twopence. Could even this be effected, the results, according to our correspondents, would be marked and beneficent.

MESSRS. W. GEORGE'S SONS (Bristol) write:

"The matter of alteration of discount has not been put into a form definite enough to much interest the country trade. If matters can be arranged between the London trade and the copyright owners, the provincials are not likely to make objections; they are tired of the present state of things; but if the publishers of copyright books mean to sell their property in the same old way of many various prices for one article, no benefit will result to the public, and they might as well leave the thing alone."

MR. CHARLES LINNELL, of Messrs. Cornish Bros. (Birmingham), writes:

"The proposal made by the Publishers' Association to the booksellers, that we should revert to the old discount of 2d. off the shilling, cannot be considered as a serious proposal. We have not been enlightened or made aware of the means whereby the general public are to be allured from 3d. to 2d. We should, of course, appreciate the change immensely; but there are no hopes of such a transformation, for the practice of selling new books at prices little above cost has become general: we cannot recede. If all the booksellers in the kingdom were unanimous to-day, would they be like-minded on the morrow? We trow not. As the publishers have a burning desire to improve the condition of the country bookseller, let them begin by sending their books to us carriage paid. The present system

curtails profits. The lack of a greater profit is to the detriment of the general public, for that which should be given to well-educated and well-trained assistants is given away in discount. A living can be made, and very often a good one; but the book business requires an amount of application, persistence, and bull-dog perseverance that in any other occupation would very likely lead to fame and fortune. We must live ever hopeful of the future, notwithstanding our dissatisfaction with the present."

MR. FRANK MURRAY (Derby) writes:

"Whether the efforts of the reformers will ever meet with success, even to the limited extent of reducing the discount by 1d. in the 1s., is very doubtful. If the bulk of the trade agree to the proposal, the publishers will then say to the remainder—"If you will not agree to these terms, I shall not charge you the same that I do the others." The selfish man will then buy his books of the middle-man, and continue to sell at 3d. in the 1s.; and it is with this same middle-man that the difficulty will arise; he is very powerful; the publisher cannot do without his support; he gets terms which enable him to sell at the same price as the publisher. Possibly the publisher will be able to bind him as he proposes to bind the bookseller; but it will be difficult, and the middle-man will have this to consider—that every underseller means one more customer for him, and so he will not be too ready to bind himself, while at the same time the publisher depends too much upon him to risk losing his support by enforcing terms. It is this fear of the underseller being able to continue cutting, despite the publisher, by the help of the middle-man which will deter many of the trade from sending in their adherence to the proposals of the associations."

MESSRS. HODGES, FIGGIS, & Co., LTD. (Dublin), write:

"We are scarcely in a position to offer an opinion on the question of '3d. in the shilling,' as we—in company with all other Dublin booksellers—have never gone beyond the '2d.' and are determined that we never will. We fully recognise that such a discount would be disastrous. Under it high-class book-selling would be impossible, and, in order to pay working expenses, 'remainders,' 'stationery,' and 'fancy goods' would have to be resorted to. The fact that Dublin sets an example of unity and common sense in this matter may surprise and interest their English *confrères*, and, we trust, will strengthen those who regard 'unity' as impossible. We hope that the efforts now being made by the 'publishers' and 'booksellers' associations will eventually destroy the pernicious system."

MESSRS. TRUSLOVE & HANSON (London) write:

"The proposal made by the Publishers' Association that the discount on books should be reduced from 3d. to 2d. in the shilling is, in our opinion, well worth adoption. It is admitted by publishers that existing terms upon a large number of copyright books are most unsatisfactory, as they do not allow a living profit; and as prospective arrangements with authors preclude publishers from giving better terms, we think their alternative suggestion should be accepted. It is the most practical proposal that has been made since the discount system became general, and if carried out would be the means of securing to the bookseller a fair remuneration for his work and intelligence employed in carrying on his business."

MESSRS. THOMAS BREAR & Co. (Bradford) write:

"Next to a total abolition of all discount, we are entirely in favour of the proposal, which, if carried out, would give the country bookseller some chance of a reasonable profit. Under the present condition of things the *new* bookseller exists with difficulty out of London, and if by the proposed return to 2d. in the shilling discount some relief was gained, the public would also reap benefit in the way of increased attention and intelligent service. At present it does

not pay to invest either brains or money in the book trade. Although buyers are now thoroughly demoralised with the 25 per cent. discount system, we do not think, if the trade is unanimous, that they will object to the extra penny, and it is to be hoped that London booksellers, who have no carriage to pay, and thus do not feel the strain, will throw off their selfishness and fall into line with their less-favoured country cousins."

MESSRS. D. B. FRIEND & Co. (Brighton) write:

"The proposal of the Publishers' Association to reduce the discount to 2d. in the shilling seems to be the most feasible suggestion yet introduced to assist the booksellers; and the scheme should receive the hearty approval of the whole retail trade. No combination of booksellers *alone* can effect the desired end, but by the publishers uniting to enforce the adherence to the new terms of supply the terrible system of underselling should be effectually remedied on a very large proportion of books issued."

MR. B. H. BLACKWELL (Oxford) writes:

"It is a fact that where 3d. in the shilling is given the stock must either be confined to books in everyday demand, bought in large numbers, or supplemented by miscellaneous goods which bear a 'living' profit. The bookseller who keeps a large and varied stock, ventures in works by new and unknown authors, and keeps a *bookshop*, takes greater risks, and gives 2d. in the shilling discount. Were the smaller discount generally adopted the public would get better bookshops, authors be better represented; while, by the reduction in the nominal price of books which would ensue, the 1d. would, in practice, be shared between the bookseller and his customer."

MR. GEORGE GREGORY (Bath) writes:

"I should be glad to see the discount off new books abolished altogether, and therefore I should gladly support the reverting to the 2d. in the shilling as a step in the right direction. The matter is entirely in the hands of the *publishers*. Let them promptly close every man's account (and not open it again) who takes a penny discount off the published prices and there's an end of the matter. Of course *all the publishers* must agree, or any such action would be useless. The cursed discount question is *degrading* and demoralising alike to buyer and seller. I may say personally I sell no regular *new* books since 3d. in the shilling has been the rule in this town."

MR. JAMES G. COMMINS (Bournemouth) writes:

"The proposal that the rate of discount from the published prices of books should be limited to 2d. in the shilling to the public instead of as it at present exists in many of the larger towns of 3d. in the shilling, is one that, if uniformly carried out, would be of undoubted benefit to both booksellers and publishers, and at the same time would make no appreciable difference to the public. The ruinously small margin of profit that exists under the present arrangement is especially detrimental to the publisher, inasmuch as it prevents the bookseller from keeping in stock any but the most popular works and low-priced series, to the exclusion of the more standard and important publications, which, although perfectly safe stock, are not sufficiently rapid in their sale to prove remunerative on the present terms. I have no doubt under altered circumstances this state of things would gradually change for the better. Booksellers would improve the character of their stock. The public would then have an opportunity of seeing the better books as they were published, and having this inducement would be sure to increase their purchases to their own advantage, and to the benefit of the publisher and bookseller alike; and lastly (and not least) the trader would be stimulated to take a more intelligent interest in his business as a bookseller, and not devote his attention to stationery and fancy goods as so many have found themselves compelled to do in order to make both ends meet."

EDUCATIONAL NOTES.

THE general reading and writing public is probably quite unaware of the amount of trained ability and exact knowledge expended in these days on what they would superciliously throw aside at the first glance as "only school-books." We have before us a fresh batch of such publications in the department of English literature, some of which show excellent work. In the Cambridge Milton for Schools (Pitt Press) Mr. Verity gives us the ninth and tenth books of *Paradise Lost*, and so completes his scholarly and sensible edition of the great epic, the last two books having been published earlier. Pope's *Essay on Criticism*, by Dr. Evans (Blackie), is a serviceable little exposition of the poet's masterpiece, but unlucky in appearing at the same time as the edition by Mr. Churton Collins; and Mr. Steele's judicious selections from his namesake's contributions to the *Tatler* (Macmillan) forms a very proper addition to the list of literary class-books, though certain of the notes are just a little simple. Besides these there are four numbers of Longmans' English Classics, all by American editors, but with a common preface by Mr. P. A. Barnett: Macaulay's *Essay on Milton*, Scott's *Woodstock*, Irving's *Tales of a Traveller*, and the *Ancient Mariner* of Coleridge. The apparatus of introduction, chronological table, and notes is on a similar plan in each, and each is, in addition, provided with a useful chapter of hints as to methods of study or instruction which are calculated to lay a sound foundation in the elements of criticism. To this treatment the *Ancient Mariner*, of course, lends itself the most readily, and the casting of a large proportion of the notes into the shape of leading or suggestive questions is a rational device that contributes in a natural manner to that end. Some of the notes in the Scott, however, and many of those in the Macaulay, are surely unnecessary for any English standard above that of a kindergarten. Still, we must remember that the series is also intended for use in the United States. To one reared on the old Spartan system under which four-fifths of the weekly time-table were devoted to classics, and the remaining fifth was allowed for toying with French or mathematics, the introduction of one's favourite play-books into the class-room seems a strange thing. Nevertheless, if carried out with judgment and kept within certain limits, this is unquestionably one of those changes that are changes for the better, and most heartily do we welcome in scholastic harness that master of English who is far too little read to-day, "the father of American literature," Washington Irving. The hours we stole in boyhood and gave to *The Conquest of Granada*, or *The Tales of the Alhambra*, till we knew their pages almost as well by heart as we knew the inspiring lines of the *Propria que maribus*, were always thus spent more or less in defiance of the still small voice that whispered the prior claims of Bland's Hexameters or the *Praxis Iambica*.

THE following spirited piece of guess-work appeared in a recent number of a

school magazine as having been executed in an examination:

French.	English.
"Dans un passage très élevé des Alpes où la neige ne fond jamais et s'entasse à une grande hauteur, tous les religieux ont bâti un hospice pour les voyageurs. Ils ont avec eux des chiens auxquels ils ont appris à chercher les malheureux perdus dans les neiges. Lorsqu'une tempête survient, tous les chiens partent de l'hospice et se dispersent dans la montagne; ils cherchent les voyageurs égarés. Ils portent au cou une clochette avec une gourde pleine d'eau-de-vie. Quand ces bons animaux sentent qu'un homme est sous la neige, ils grattent jusqu'à ce qu'ils l'aient découvert, le réchauffent et aboient pour avertir les religieux."	"In a passage very near from the Alps there the person found his way and waved his hat to a large caravan of religious, and good company for the voyagers. They have offered to take care of the dogs as well they have entertain to fully the quantities lost in the snow. Lorsque, a tempting servant, took the dogs into the hospital and see dispersants in the mountains; they sent the voyagers away. They went to the one closet among a low plain of the edifice. When the good man sentenced which man is of the voyagers, they granted justice to which they have discovered, the rechaffment and obedient servants for averting the religion."

CORRESPONDENCE.

THE HEBREW MONARCHY.

London: Feb. 26.

Mr. Andrew Wood seems to doubt whether Prof. Sayce has arrived at any definite conclusions with regard to the chronology of the kings of Israel. I give here the passage which I had in my mind at the time of writing, the italics being mine:

"These contemporaneous accounts of the Western campaigns of Tiglath-Pilezer, which have been rescued from the mounds under which they were so long buried, have at last cleared up the chronology of the later kings of Samaria. The synchronisms established between them and the kings of Judah by the compiler of the Books of Kings have been the despair of chronologists, and various expedients have been devised for reconciling the conflicting dates given in the Scriptural record. . . . The cuneiform annals of Tiglath-Pilezer have swept away all these ingenious schemes. *The Biblical chronology must be rejected, and the synchronisms established by the compiler must be regarded as based on an erroneous calculation of dates.*" (Sayce's *Higher Criticism*, &c., 3rd ed.; London: S.P.C.K., 1894, p. 406.)

Here is a conclusion most unequivocally stated. It is, of course, open to Mr. Wood to disagree with it or to disprove it. But if he thinks he puts it fairly before divinity students by stating in a note that "some scholars" consider the durations of the reigns discredited, Bishop Usher's chronology being all the time placed at the head of the page, I can only say that his standard of literary fairness differs from mine.

YOUR REVIEWER.

A TEST ON DIVERSITY OF OPINION.

Madison, Wis.: Feb. 15.

Any careful reader of my logical test, republished by "H. C. M." in your columns (January 16), would have observed that the piece of reasoning was offered not for solution,

but as a means of testing diversity of opinion. In my letter to *Science* this is made additionally clear by the following words, which were not reprinted in the ACADEMY: "It is always interesting to test diversity of opinion, particularly on questions of exact reasoning. It is quite difficult to obtain a test which is at once significant and general," &c. The heading of my letter is "A Test on Diversity of Opinion." It is unfortunate that you should have headed it "Prof. Jastrow's Puzzle," as it was in no sense offered as a puzzle. It was chosen not as a problem of special difficulty, but as one about which variation of opinion was likely.

Regarding the problem itself, I have been fortunate in receiving quite a number of interesting replies, mainly from those who have given great attention to the study of logic. Judged by the answers of these scholars, Mr. Blackburn's solution must be pronounced irrelevant and unsatisfactory. His suggestion that the problem is as old as Aristotle indicates that he has not quite appreciated the point of the reasoning. Let me add that, in order to maintain an independence among the answers submitted, I much prefer to have replies sent directly to me.

JOSEPH JASTROW.

RATIONAL EDUCATION.

Sydenham: March 1.

Your correspondents complain that I have avoided their point. I have re-read their first letter, and find, as I thought, that they there claimed that their school was founded in 1889 to translate into fact principles on which we are happily agreed. In showing from their own prospectus that this was not the case either as to matter or manner I thought I was answering their main contention. They now, however, say that this was so in 1894, if not in 1889, and maintain the assertion of plagiarism, without which I should not think of joining issue.

Three points I make essential in carrying out the principles in question: Good school apparatus for teaching by things rather than by descriptions of things; Herbartian methods of instruction; a programme of connected courses adapted to the age of the learners, proceeding from simple to complex subjects and from inductive to deductive instruction.

As to the first, little or no apparatus being supplied to me (quite rightly from the point of view of the headmaster, of course, but not from mine), I had to buy over £24 worth, and still have both the receipts and the articles. As to the other two, had I found them practised at all as I understand them I might have set aside other objections and put my name to the final agreement presented me for signature, and thus become one of the "permanent" masters of the school. But this was not the case.

The time-tables which are cited to overwhelm me can be paralleled by those of almost any school which considers the morning hours best for headwork; and there being as many divergences as similarities, the resemblance does not strike me as strong enough to support the weight of the accusation built on it, especially as the whole of these time-tables might have been omitted from the book without affecting its substance.

I have now shown that however excellent may be the way in which theory is translated into fact at this school, it does not tally with the way in which I think this should be done, and this, with the additional fact that four out of six of the staff are no longer at the school, were two out of sundry good reasons why I did not quote its practice.

Of the detail to which I have referred as original (I said nothing about value), only a small part of this is given in the book—being extracts from the term book of co-ordinated courses, chap. vii., § 5. I have worked out many of these in detail, lesson by lesson, and I regret to say quite alone. But the book is its own witness. I do not fear that any one who reads it on its merits will think it is the result of one year's work, or copied from any source soever.

But in this field there is room for so much hard work that none need be jealous of another, and the perfect system must be the outcome of so many different ways of applying proved principles that I must perforce wish this, and any school which attempts reform all success in carrying it out. The more widely these principles are recognised and applied, the better will be the practice which will ultimately survive; nor need zeal for one's own methods lead one to condemn all others. There is not yet a sufficient body of authority to define orthodoxy!

The suggestion which my critics have misunderstood was that instead of scenting about the book for plagiarism, which does not exist, they should make their criticism constructive, if they must needs break the golden silence.

Mr. Dalton's letter calls for no reply. It says nothing with which I cannot entirely agree.

THE WRITER OF "FOUNDATIONS
OF SUCCESS."

[This correspondence must now cease.—ED.]

CAMPION'S "SILENT MUSIC."

London: Feb. 27.

The reviewer of Mr. Churton Collins's *Treasury* is in error in stating that "Campion's *Silent Music* . . . has appeared in the *Golden Treasury*." I do not find any poem answering to the notice of it in Mr. Bullen's two volumes of *Lyrics from Elizabethan Song-books*, 1387-1888, nor am I acquainted with it. Collins's beautiful "Ode to Evening" is the only unrhymed lyric contained in my collection. May not the *lapsus calami* be that the verses are in Mr. Beeching's *Paradise*?

F. T. PALGRAVE.

MUSIC.

CONCERTS OF THE WEEK.

ON Saturday afternoon I did perceive a divided duty. The Crystal Palace with its *in memoriam* Schubert programme seemed the proper place to go to, and yet, like many enjoyable concerts, there was little to notice in it. The "Rosamunde" music and the Symphony in C, two works originally produced in England by Mr. Manns, were safe to be interpreted by him with all due reverence and enthusiasm. At the Queen's Hall, on the other hand, two novelties claimed attention: a "Tragic" Symphony by Felix Draeseke, and the introduction to the second act of Humperdinck's latest opera, "Königskinder." The latter is bright and melodious, scarcely important enough, however, to make much effect in a concert-room. The Symphony is long, but its length was not like the one in the Palace programme, "heavenly." To the composer, judging by the title which he gave to it, the music evidently appeared

tragic; the public received it coldly, for they evidently found it tedious. There is plenty of clever writing in the Symphony, especially in the slow movement, which opens in an impressive manner, and in the Scherzo; but much, nay most, of the music lacks soul and meaning. The composer was evidently very much in earnest, yet his ambition was in excess of his strength. I fancy that, like Beethoven, he worked to a picture in his mind, possibly a noble one; but, unlike his great exemplar, Draeseke was not able to find the musical equivalents for the thoughts and feelings excited by his picture: clever technique and colour—the orchestration generally is too noisy, yet some of it is decidedly effective—do not atone for thematic material which only here and there rises a little above the commonplace. Draeseke is now professor of composition at the Dresden Conservatorium. Besides the "Tragic" he appears to have written two other Symphonies, which, unless they are made of much stronger stuff, are not likely to obtain a hearing. Mr. Wood does well to introduce novelties, if only he takes care to select interesting ones. The public never rush after them, and a disappointment like that of last Saturday will have a bad effect. The fact of a new work being included in one of Mr. Wood's usually excellent programmes ought to be a sufficient guarantee that it is one of importance, that it deserves, at any rate, more than one hearing.

DR. JOACHIM made his first appearance this season at the Popular Concerts on Monday evening, and, as is his wont, selected one of the Rasoumowski Quartets (No. 3, in C). Many remarkable quartets have been composed since Beethoven, and yet for depth and nobility of thought, also for powerful workmanship, the master has never been surpassed. The more one hears his music the more wonderful does it seem—wonderful in its skill and in its simple grandeur. Dr. Joachim has shown himself master of many styles: he interprets Mendelssohn, Schumann, and Brahms admirably; it is, however, in Bach and Beethoven that he has won his greatest triumphs. A few seasons ago his intonation was faulty, and it seemed as if his powers were on the wane. Such, however, was happily not the case; the defect may have arisen from ill-health or temporary deafness. On Monday he was in his best form, and together with his worthy associates—Messrs. Ries, Gibson, and Paul Ludwig—gave an earnest and able reading of the Quartet. Another fine performance was that of the Brahms Sonata in G (Op. 78) for pianoforte and violin, in which he was sympathetically supported by Miss Fanny Davies. I could not help mentally comparing the rendering of the violin part of that sonata by Joachim and by Sarasate. They both play it in most finished style, but the latter never gets, as it were, to the heart of the music. Joachim really feels what he plays, Sarasate only fancies that he does so. Miss Davies gave as piano solo Mendelssohn's "Presto Scherzando" in F sharp minor. The piece is a difficult one, and she inter-

preted it well, but it can scarcely be called effective. Her encore—for after much persuasion she yielded—was the showy Op. 7, No. 7, by the same composer, which she performed in exceedingly neat and brilliant manner.

MR. MARK HAMBOURG gave a farewell recital at the Queen's Hall on Tuesday afternoon. The programme was too long, and the performances most unequal, and yet the concert proved a great success. In the matter of technique, in life and vigour, Mr. Hambourg's playing is quite remarkable, but when he interprets Beethoven or Chopin you feel that the will must sometimes be taken for the deed. This is as it should be, for the artist is as yet in his teens. The Allegro of Beethoven's Sonata in E flat (Op. 31, No. 3) was given in somewhat rough and unequal manner, and the Scherzo lacked delicacy; the Minuetto and Presto were more satisfactory. The Chopin Sonata was rendered with intense vigour, but not with sufficient poetry; the "Marche Funèbre" left one cold. The "Faschingschwank" of Schumann was the best piece of the afternoon; the first movement, especially, was given with great charm and refinement. The Paganini-Brahms Variations were brilliantly performed; also the difficult Leschetizky "Impromptu" in octaves was dashed off as if it were a mere bagatelle. A clever Gigue by Leschetizky and a graceful Menuet by Paderewski were well rendered, yet neither provoked much enthusiasm.

J. S. S.

It has been given to a couple of English musicians to revive the forlorn art of *ensemble* playing on two pianofortes. The recital given by Messrs. Ross and Moore on Monday evening at the Queen's Hall was, in many respects, remarkable. Both of these gentlemen have a purity of method and execution as rare as it is deserving of all praise. In comparison with much of the pianoforte playing which is now found acceptable in many quarters, their style is as a chime of bells to the dull blare of a gong. Every note had its true value and significance, and, in the reading of each phrase, there was not feeling only, but—that greater power—the right reserve. There was no vulgar straining to convey more than the composer meant, or to express emotions which do not belong to music at all. It would be difficult to over-praise their delicate performance of two preludes and two studies by Chopin. To those who, brought up on the traditions of the Schumann school, may have objected that Henselt's arrangement of *Si oiseau j'étais* was taken a few degrees too slowly, it may be said that they have never observed birds on the wing. The motion of flying is peculiarly calm, even, and majestic. Henselt's little piece is generally executed at a terrific pace—in violent contradiction to its beauty and intention. We congratulate Mr. Ross and Mr. Moore on their unusual talents, their wholly exceptional training, their conscience in art.

SCIENCE.

THE article in the *Times* which threw, if not cold, at least tepid water upon the National Physical Laboratory scheme has caused considerable indignation in higher scientific circles, and the opinion is freely expressed that the *Times* would do well to vary its scientific articles occasionally with something that bears neither the stamp of prejudice nor the marks of distinctive idiosyncrasy. Lord Lister has gone to the length, for him, of answering the article in detail; but the *Times* is unrepentant in its opposition, even to the verge of casuistry. The main point on which it bases its objection to a State-built laboratory for research is the lack of scientific enterprise displayed by British manufacturers in comparison with their German rivals. The latter, it considers, have earned a right to the use of the famous Reichsanstalt which was so dear to the heart of Von Helmholtz, because they led the way for it, and can appreciate its benefits. On the other hand, the *Times* in its reply ignores Lord Lister's statement that the little testing observatory at Kew earns considerably more in fees than the whole of the Reichsanstalt—which is a point in favour of the British manufacturer—and contents itself with a quibbling retort that the Berlin laboratory is "self-supporting to an extent which for Germany is considerable." One might add by the same reasoning that the British manufacturer is self-supporting to an extent which for Germany is inconceivable.

BUT the British manufacturer has terrible limits, it is only fair to admit, and one of these is his obstinate aversion to foreign weights and measures. It is doubtful whether he realises how much he is handicapped by insularity in this respect; but if he cares to know I think he would be edified by a perusal of the extracts from consular reports collected by the New Decimal Association, established to promote the adoption of a decimal system of weights, measures, and coinage in the United Kingdom. They will be found, neatly condensed, in a report presented to the Committee on Weights and Measures of the Boston Society of Civil Engineers, and printed in the American journal *Science* for February 19. They include testimony as to the disadvantage at which British trade is placed, from Rotterdam, Milan, Varna, Constantinople, Rouen, Flushing, Marseilles, Lisbon, Algiers, Vienna, Malaga, Madrid, and twelve other places. One consul writes:

"I think I may safely say that to the tradesmen of foreign countries our system of weights and measures is a constant stumbling-block. Not one in a thousand understands it; and rather than suffer the perplexity of it, or risk the loss that a miscalculation would entail, they pass on to our neighbours who write and speak to him, in his native language, of metres and kilos. He thereby knows what he buys, knows what he has to clear through the custom house without risk of fine or forfeiture, and knows the length and cube which leaves him a profit when he sells. For these reasons I doubt not that we lose much valuable trade.

Another gives a concrete instance of business lost owing to the unwillingness of British manufacturers to pander to foreign customs:

"Not long ago," he says, "a man came to me with the price list of a British machinery maker, and I converted for him the specifications into their metrical equivalents. He then said that the machine in question seemed just what he wanted, and that he would order one for trial and give a repeat order if it turned out satisfactory. Meeting me again a short time after, he told me that although he would have preferred buying the English machine, he had imported one of German make—first, because he could not be bothered with recurring calculations based on an unfamiliar system, and, secondly, because the measurements did not coincide with his existing plant of Continental make."

Perhaps the most convincing argument of all, however, if our manufacturers are shy of departing from the traditions of their fathers, is the fact that one of the leading engine-makers of the world, Messrs. Willans & Robinson, of Thames Ditton, have for some years past adopted the metric system of measurement throughout their work with marked improvement in the result. Their account of the matter is short and convincing:

"Our reasons for adopting the metric linear system were mainly two, both commercial: (1) to enable us to continue the interchangeable system on which we work with our Continental licences, and (2) to promote the sale of our engines in countries using the metric system."

"It was considered possible that, though a specialty, the fact of our engines being figured in inches might tell against them when competing with others figured in millimetres. The results have been most satisfactory in all departments. In the drawing office it has been found that the change makes it easier to design, calculate, plot dimensions, check and read drawings. No mistakes have been made that can be traced to the change. In the shops, where we chiefly work to gauges, there has been no difficulty in marking the latter, and marking off is easier. In a short time the men preferred metric measurements."

This is the last word on the subject so far as modern industrial conditions are concerned in this country. If the men prefer the metric system, then is it indeed twice blessed. It is the fear of the men, and of their invincible conservatism towards every change but those favourably affecting hours and wages, that has hitherto restrained many manufacturers from making the experiment.

SIR DOUGLAS GALTON is appealing for funds to carry on the work of the "Childhood Society." This is a society devoted to the scientific observation and classification of children, and it is stated that last year a report was published on no less than 100,000 children examined individually between the years 1888-94. The inquiries made by the society have also proved useful for purposes of social legislation, as in regard to children in reformatories and Poor Law schools. At present about £1,000 are needed to prosecute this work, and taking into account the light recently thrown on juvenile crime, no one can doubt that it is of the highest importance.

H. C. M.

ART.

THE Fine Art Society's roomful of Du Maurier drawings are chiefly done within late years, and have less beauty of execution than has the work of the earlier half of his career. This is, needless to say, a different thing from beauty of design, which never failed him. The chief feeling with which we now look at it all—the line, the drawing, the invention, the literature—is that the vulgarity of *Trilby* sends back a retrospective blight upon the wit, the delicacy, the elegance that greatly pleased us once. There was something well-bred and even spiritual in the *Punch* drawings of many years; their wit was exceedingly intelligent; and the publication of *Peter Ibbetson* helped the conviction that it was so, and added to the list of the Du Maurier graces a tenderness and a sense of the past which seemed of high quality. Then came *Trilby*, which must needs make any sensitive reader who had liked Mr. Du Maurier's work doubt his own judgments. The cheapness and essential commonness of the book and the play—the intolerable literary manner especially—at once caricatured the man's whole talent. For a time it seemed impossible to admire its most gracious work—the work that had seemed so gracious in no unfastidious or ignoble eyes. The very things that had been done with delicacy in *Punch* and in *Peter Ibbetson* were done in *Trilby* with familiarity; in spite of a certain tenderness and feeling, the book was a real offence, or rather it was the more an offence because those true qualities were in it. But why waste words to complain of vulgarity? No complaint can reach it.

Forgetting *Trilby* then, if possible, we shall find many an intelligent idea and many a beautiful human shape in this collection. Mr. Du Maurier's wit is singularly free from folly; it has great good sense, gentle good taste, and quite a curious perception of the processes and the interceptions of human communication as it is among ordinary men, women, and children. Some of the passages of the simplicity of children are very charming, and he fits them with lovely expression in lovely faces. There is nothing prettier than the candid doubt in the look and attitude of a little boy: "How pretty that lady is, Papa!" "Very pretty indeed, Tommy!" (Pause.) "I think she's the prettiest lady I ever saw, Papa!" "Really, Tommy?" (Pause.) "Are you quite sure you still love Mummy best, Papa?" Another humorist (before *Trilby* one would have said a vulgar humorist) would have made a common dowdy joke of this by giving "Mummy" as an ugly woman. "True Humility," again, is an admirable drawing. Here the very young curate, breakfasting at the Palace, assures his Right Reverend inquiring host that parts of his egg are excellent. The curate, the bishop, the bishop's wife, are all fine comedy. And there is some of the finest comedy in many slight, accessory, background faces, throughout the drawings. One wishes for more landscape, in which Mr. Du Maurier has done exquisite things.

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The Claims of the year amounted to £588,874.
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The number of Policies in force at the end of
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The Claims of the year amounted to £1,706,481
The number of Deaths was 183,959, and 1,630
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The number of Free Policies granted during
the year to those Policyholders of five years'
standing, who desired to discontinue their pay-
ments, was 59,534, the number in force being
499,296. The number of Free Policies which
became claims during the year was 9,283.

The total number of Policies in force at the
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The Assets of the Company, in both branches,
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In their last Report the Directors drew atten-
tion to the success which had attended the
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The popularity of these tables still continues,
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